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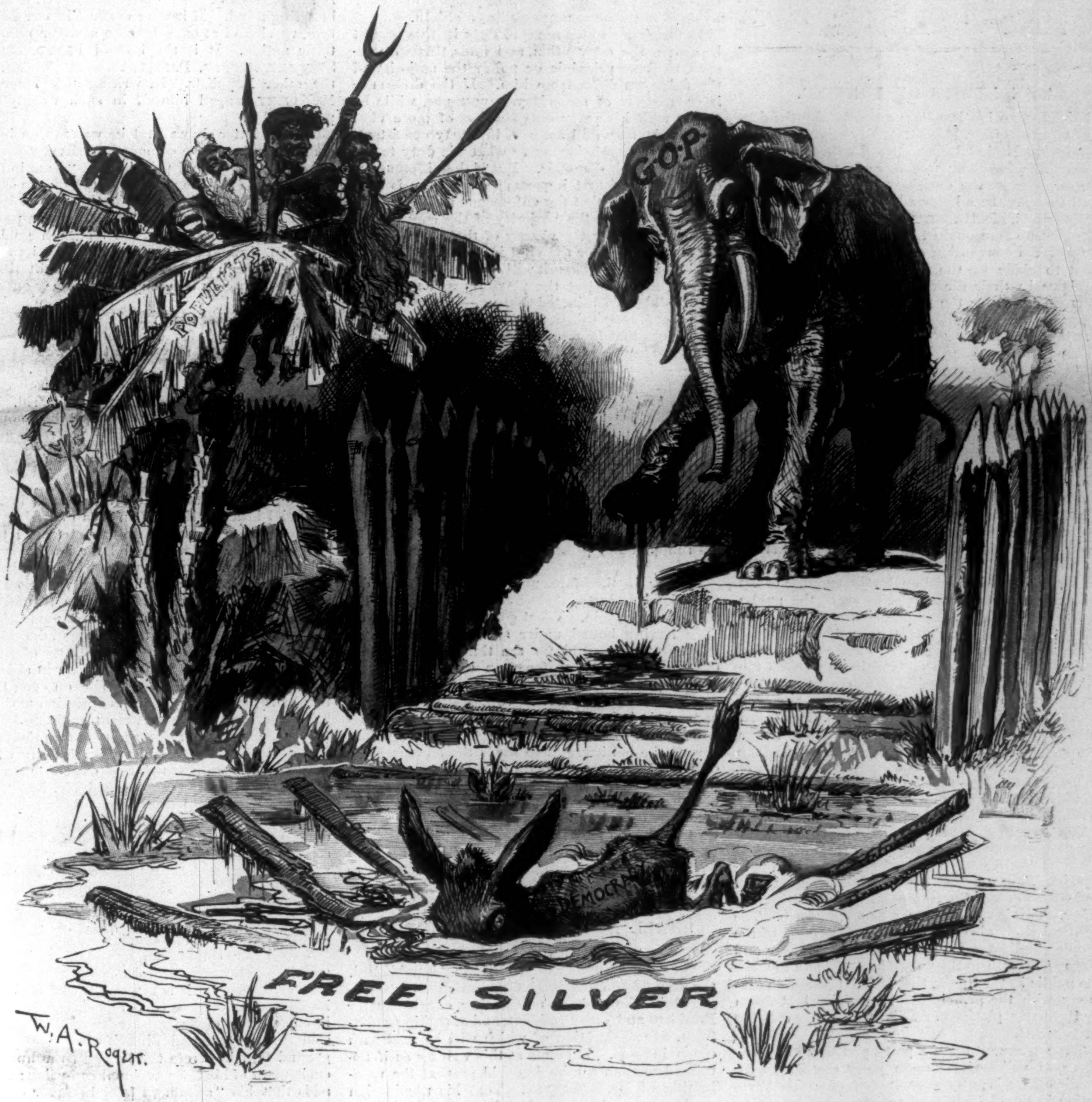
POPULISTS
G.O.P
DEMOCRA
FREE SILVER
W. A. Rogers

THE POPULISTS' TRAP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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CONTENTS, NO. 2061.

Cartoon. The Populists' Trap. Is he fool enough to be caught? W. A. Rogers.
Editorials.
The Coronation Days of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas Alexandrovitch. Illustrated. Maynard Butler.
Life and Letters. W. D. Howells.
This Busy World. E. S. Martin and Others.
The Cuban Insurrection. Illustrated. Marrion Wilcox.
**THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.**
St. Louis—The Convention City. Ill'd. George Grantham Bain.
Convention Week in St. Louis, Missouri—View of the City looking East, Westmoreland Place and Portland Place. Double-Page Illustration.
Republican Leaders at the National Convention, St. Louis. With Portraits.
Songs for St. Louis. A Parallel. A Ballad to William the Silent. John Kendrick Bangs.
The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
Japan of To-day. R. van Bergen.
The Message in the Sand. John Fox, Jun.
The Gray Man. Twenty-fifth Instalment. Serial Story. Ill'd. S. R. Crockett.
Capt. John G. Bourke, U.S.A. Barnet Phillips.
The Zionite Movement. Professor George H. Schodde.
Amateur Sport. The British Amateur Golf Championship. Illustrated (Horace Hutchinson). College Boating, Baseball, etc. Caspar Whitney.

## THE ETHICS OF BOLTING.

Much attention has been attracted by the declaration of Mr. Harrity, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, concerning the moral obligation of any member of a party convention to abide by the decisions of that convention in all things. In a letter addressed to Mr. Money of Mississippi, Mr. Harrity said: "In my personal judgment no man ought to enter or be admitted in any political convention or caucus who is not prepared to abide by the will of the majority and acquiesce in their direction.... Political conventions are called for the purpose of harmonizing or compromising such differences as may exist, and of ascertaining the will of the majority as to principles, policies, or candidates. To hold that those who entertain fixed views are to be permitted to be so tenacious of them as to first endeavor to control and then to withdraw in case of failure is a long step towards contending that a minority should govern."

This is the doctrine always insisted upon by party managers, and very largely accepted by party men. It will not be difficult to show that this doctrine is immoral in its essence and dangerous in its effects, for the reason that it entirely subordinates the duty the citizen owes to the commonwealth to the duty the partisan is assumed to owe to his organization.

It is the duty of the citizen, by the exercise of his political rights and privileges, to serve the public good to the best of his knowledge and ability. In endeavoring to perform this duty the individual citizen may find it expedient to associate himself for common action with other citizens who, on the whole, are of the same mind as to what the public good requires. The association of citizens formed upon this basis becomes a political party. A political party is, therefore, not an end in itself, but it is a means to an end. The end is the promotion of the public good. One means to the accomplishment of that end is the organization for common action of citizens who in the main are agreed as to the way in which the public good can best be promoted.

To ascertain and manifest this agreement of opinion as to what the public good requires, the political party makes a declaration of principles and policies, implying a promise that it will in good faith endeavor to carry those principles and policies into effect. This is what we call a party platform. The political party also presents to the suffrages of the people candidates for public offices of power and responsibility to do the public business and to serve the public in the line of their official action, in harmony with the principles and policies laid down in the party platform. This is what we call the party ticket.

The agreement upon a party platform of principles and policies, and upon party candidates for public offices, is at the present stage of political evolution in the United States accomplished by means of party conventions, composed of delegates elected by the sub-organizations of the party. Now, assuming that the political party were what it ought to be—that is to say, that it consisted of citizens having nothing else in view than the promotion of the public good according to their understanding of it, and that the delegates sent to the convention were all conscientious men, regarding the party as a means to a public end, and themselves as in duty bound to serve that end to the best of their knowledge and ability—what view would such conscientious delegates take of their duties and obligations as members of the convention?

There may be among such delegates honest and serious differences of opinion as to whether some of the policies so far advocated had worked well; whether questions most important in the past were not, owing to changed circumstances, overshadowed by other questions more important at the present time; whether this or that question was first in importance to the public welfare; whether this or that side of such important question should be taken, and so on. A delegate may have very honest and very strong convictions with regard to some of these subjects, which consistently with his sense of duty to the commonwealth he can neither surrender nor compromise, just because they are honest and strong. He may have reason to believe that many other delegates think differently on the same subjects. Should he for this reason feel himself unfit to take part in that convention, as Mr. Harrity would have him feel? Should he not go to the convention for the very purpose of endeavoring to bring dissenting colleagues over to his own view and to prevent his party from taking what he considers a false step? Evidently this is the duty he owes to the commonwealth as a citizen.

In obedience to his sense of duty in this respect he enters the convention, and finds that with regard to some principle or policy the majority of the delegates differ from him. If the difference is on matters of secondary importance, while he agrees with his party on questions of more vital interest, he may still act with his party consistently with his conviction as to what his duty to the commonwealth demands. But if the difference is on a matter of first importance, and if he is honestly convinced that the enforcement of the policy decided upon by the majority of the convention, and consequently the victory of the party, will in some way endanger the vital interests of the country—what then? Then it will evidently be his duty as a citizen to reject the platform, and to oppose the candidates nominated thereon—in other words, as it is currently called, to "bolt." Would the circumstance that he was a member of the party convention absolve him in the slightest degree from his duty as a citizen? To say that it would so absolve him would be equivalent to saying that while political parties are formed for the promotion of the public good as they understand it, the citizen should, as a partisan, whenever the public good as he understands it and the will of the party are in conflict, consider himself obliged to sacrifice the public good to the will of his party. This doctrine is so obviously and so thoroughly subversive of the true relations of the citizen to the commonwealth that it may justly be denounced as treason to the fundamental principles of democratic government.

Bolting is, therefore, under the conditions described, not only the right but the imperative duty of good citizenship. What good citizens should do after having bolted under such circumstances—whether they should for the time being support the opposite party, or form an organization, put forth a platform, and nominate candidates of their own, or simply abstain from voting—should depend upon their judgment as to which course would be best calculated to defeat the dangerous policy which caused the bolting, and to serve the advancement of that which the bolters think is demanded by the public interest. In any event, the relations of the citizen to a political party should be determined solely by considerations of the public good. Any doctrine which puts the obligations springing from party allegiance above the duty of the citizen to the commonwealth is immoral, and dangerous to democratic institutions.

## SHALL ANY GOOD COME OUT OF ST. LOUIS?

When this number of the Weekly is published, the Republican National Convention will be engaged in the task of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, and of making a platform, one declaration of which will be read with much interest. It seems at this writing as if nothing less than a miracle could prevent the nomination of Mr. McKinley. That his nomination ought not to be made has been clearly demonstrated; and if he is elected the country will discover what evils can issue from weak amiability, and an uninformed mind that accepts, almost without a question, certainly without a moment's opposition, what it assumes, or guesses, to be the average sentiment of the party.

The kind of man that Mr. McKinley is has been shown in a letter written by him in 1890, which was recently unearthed and published, and by his own explanation of the meaning of the letter. The letter was written by Mr. McKinley to secure the Farmers' Alliance vote of his Congressional district, where he was hard pressed, and finally defeated, by his Democratic opponent. In this letter he said: "I am in favor of the use of all the silver product of the United States for money as circulating medium. I would have silver and gold alike." This is substantially what he said also in his speech advocating the passage of the Sherman act. But it is well to dwell on this letter, for, whether or not Mr. McKinley has changed what he calls his opinions on the currency question, what he briefly says in this bid for the Alliance vote shows his astounding ignorance concerning the subject. What does he mean by the phrase "money as circulating medium"? And what does he mean by the announcement that he "would have silver and gold alike"? No one who knows anything about money will undertake to answer the first question; and if Mr. McKinley means anything by his second phrase, it is that the native inequality of values of gold and silver can be abolished by the fiat of the government, which, in the ambiguous language of this Millersburg letter, is therefore equal to the task of making "silver and gold alike." This idea is the product of the deep ignorance of the silver-brooding mind. If it were enacted in our legislation, we should at once become a silver monometallic nation. It is the idea of Bland, Teller, Stewart, Peffer, Daniel, Tillman, Allen, and the other Populists. In writing this letter Mr. McKinley ranged himself in such worthy company as this.

But his letter shows that he was not an intelligent advocate of free coinage and silver monometallism, for his primal principle is, "I am in favor of the use of all the silver product of the United States for money," etc. Now this is not intelligent advocacy of even so unintelligent a proposition as that this country can maintain gold and silver in circulation on even terms by its simple fiat. Although Mr. McKinley thought that he was expressing an opinion on the money question, he was really doing nothing of the kind. What the real free-silver men want is all the money and all the symbols of money that can possibly be manufactured. It may be that this would require all of the silver product of this country, but perhaps in time enough mints could be constructed to stamp the whole silver product of the world. Even in the mind of a free-silver advocate, the amount of money that the country should possess bears no relation whatever to the output of its silver or gold mines, or of its paper-mills. The idea that the annual silver coinage of the country should equal the annual product of the silver-mines is not a financial idea at all; it is an idea of trade. It is the conception of men who expect to sell to the government the raw material for its money. It belongs to the class of ideas with which Mr. McKinley became intimate from his conversations with the manufacturers who helped him to make the tariff law which afterwards bore his name. When Mr. McKinley thought that he was advocating a policy that would overcome the laws of nature, and that would compel gold and silver in abundant quantities to circulate side by side on even terms, he was in reality only giving expression to the feeble theory that the government ought to buy the whole product of our silver-mines at a price double that of the market; and if the Stark County farmers had fully understood this delphic utterance, they might have properly asked Mr. McKinley: "Why do you thus favor silver and the silver-mine owners, rather than wheat and the farmers? Why do you wish to enrich the miners of Colorado instead of the farmers of Stark County? Why not advocate the purchase by the government of fifty cents' worth of wheat, as well as of silver, for a dollar? If the government has money to throw away in this way, why do you not try to get some of the surplus for your neighbors?"

This letter betrays an uncertain, uninformed, and thoughtless mind, and the unpleasant impression conveyed by it is strengthened by what Mr. McKinley now says, or is reported to have said, in explanation of his reasons for writing it. He is said to have excused himself to a friend on the ground that he wrote the letter in the hurry and excitement of his Congressional campaign; and he adds that his "argument [*sic*] in favor of silver was at the time in harmony with his party." All this means that Mr. McKinley does not think for himself on this subject, and that in trying to give expression to what he supposes to be the principles of his party he betrays his ignorance of the currency question by his inept, ambiguous, and even meaningless phrases. It is quite in keeping with his past history that he should now be inclined to take the sound-money side, for his adherence to one side or the other is evidently a matter of very small importance to himself. To the country, however, at the present crisis, it is very important that Mr. McKinley should be under strong and able control if he is to be President of the United States. Left to itself, his is the kind of mind that will easily slip back into the sophistries of the free-silverites. But as Mr. McKinley went with his party on the silver question without thought, but with the ready obedience of a marionette, when it favored the Sherman law, or fought against the sound-money views of Mr. Hayes and Mr. Cleveland, so he is likely to follow his party with the same heedless imitative obedience to the other side of the question. Under these circumstances it is clearly the duty of the party to declare explicitly for the gold standard. If Mr. McKinley be nominated on a real gold-standard platform, he may select a cabinet that will keep him up to the duty of maintaining the country's credit; or, better still, we will secure a Congress that will pass sound-currency laws, and leave a weak or silver President harmless. But if there is a "straddle" financial plank, Mr. McKinley will be left at liberty to take his advisers from both camps, so that his mind will be left free to work to either conclusion, on the theory that the party is for both sides. With such a mind in the White House, helplessly adrift, the country will every moment of the next four years be in danger of going to a silver basis.

Eight-ninths of the convention will be opposed to independent free coinage at 16 to 1 by this country. If this great majority does not adopt a gold plank, it will be evident that a few obstreperous mining-camp Senators are dearer to its heart than the welfare of the country. American politics will reach a low ebb when Mr. McKinley is nominated for President, but the Republican party has it in its power to leave some hope to the country.

## A REAL BIMETALLIST ON THE ISSUE.

The international bimetallists of Europe, who are entitled to the consideration and respectful courtesy due to thoughtful and scholarly men, are very wroth at our own alleged bimetallists, whose acquirements and outpourings are entitled to no consideration at all. If Mr. Teller and his kind could be induced to read with humble and patient minds such an article, for example, as Dr. Otto Arendt has written for the current number of the *North American Review*, they would learn that the European economists hold them almost entirely responsible for the present low estate of the cause of bimetallism.

Here are a few of the sayings of Dr. Arendt concerning Teller, Bland, Stewart, Jones, etc., and their followers:

> "The Americans ignored the great fundamental laws of circulation in trying to save silver by the experiments of the Bland and Sherman laws....
>
> "They wrought harm to the bimetallist cause, because their failure was exploited by the gold party, and because they stimulated the silver production....
>
> "If it is now desired to perpetuate the gold standard in Europe, let the government at Washington adopt free coinage of silver at the ratio of 1:16. At present, after the closure of the Indian mints, this step could not possibly have any other result than to make the American standard a silver standard. The price of silver would rise, but not to 59 pence, and not permanently; the United States would have a standard not materially different from that of Mexico; all the disadvantages and all the advantages of a fluctuating and depreciated money standard would follow. Gold monometallism would be replaced by silver monometallism; the double standard would become nominal. No bimetallist can approve of this."

These are the words of a bimetallist who knows the laws that govern the circulation of money, and whose theories can be discussed by intelligent men without loss of self-respect. He believes that the world ought to use both gold and silver for its metallic money and for the basis of its paper currency, and he thinks that the crude efforts of our silver men, who either do not understand the law of circulation or who do not care for it, are even more dangerous to the cause of bimetallism than is the determination of the English and Germans to abide by the gold standard.

A word may be sufficient to the wise, but we fear that it will require a great many tomes, even from such bimetallists as Dr. Arendt, to enlighten the followers of Mr. Bland.

## THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Dominion electorate is asked to decide whether Manitoba shall or shall not be compelled to restore the separate schools abolished by the Manitoba Public Schools Act of 1890. The historical and legal aspects of the question have been kept before the public mind for some time. The Imperial Privy Council, in its final judgment in 1895, referred back to the Dominion authorities the redress of grievances alleged to result from the violation of the educational rights of the Catholic minority of Manitoba. The judgment did not recommend any particular course of action to the Dominion Executive; but the latter, urged by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, has made the coercion of Manitoba a federal issue.

The Conservative party, whose policy is now directed by Sir Charles Tupper, has plainly pronounced in favor of coercion, and by doing so has apparently won the active support of the bishops of Quebec, who have carried on an active political campaign in Quebec, preaching political sermons in behalf of separate schools, and using all their influence in favor of the Conservative party. In a political organization of such a composite character as the latter such a course of action is well calculated to rouse keen opposition. The Orangemen of Ontario have always been a unit in support of the Conservatives, but are practically certain to reverse thousands of votes on account of the interference of the hierarchy.

Mr. Laurier, the Liberal leader, advocates the appointment of a commission of investigation, and is receiving the support of many who see in that course a better promise of peaceful settlement than is given by coercion. The latter is unusually distasteful to the Liberals, who have always stood for the defence of provincial rights, and in Manitoba itself resistance to separate schools has become so thoroughly identified with the jealous autonomy of the province that the most resolute determination exists against federal interference.

There has never been a general election campaign in Canada in which so numerous and uncertain influences were at work, and in which the prophecy of results was so difficult as it is now. The active interference of the Roman Catholic clergy of Quebec, and of Ontario and other English-speaking provinces, who will probably not permit the prelates of Quebec to stand alone, is certain to precipitate a dangerous crisis. It is in the province of Ontario that the greatest changes of opinion may be looked for. Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, formerly a distinguished member of the Conservative party, has organized in opposition thereto a considerable section of the electorate, and this will use its power against coercion. Whether the mass of Protestant population will vote under the influence of Protestant traditions, or follow the beaten track of party allegiance, cannot be foreseen with any degree of certainty. In several by-elections held during the past year success was on the side of the Liberals; but tariff reform had its influence, and it is difficult to ascertain its extent as compared with that of the school question. In the general election as well the two main issues may go side by side in some cases, and be separate in others. But the more public attention is centred upon the fact that a province is attempted to be coerced into doing that which it has all but unanimously declared it will not do, the more probable does it appear that the remedial legislation asked for against Manitoba will never be granted. If it were, confederation might be dissolved.

## A NEW PARTY MOVEMENT.

A few days ago one of the daily newspapers published a somewhat vague rumor that invitations were out for a new political party. This party was to be for the gold standard, against tariff-tinkering, and for civil service reform. Circulars had been sent to various people, so it was reported, but the names of those who issued them, and who were naturally therefore to stand as sponsors for the new party, were not to be revealed until a more convenient season.

The story is so vague that, in itself and for itself, it is hardly worthy of comment. It furnishes, however, a sufficient basis for a few words on the subject of a new party, if such a thing is to be the outcome of the present deplorable state of our politics. It may be that the action of the two parties will force upon the sound-money men of the country the necessity of taking some action. They may be obliged to adopt means of their own for the expression of their opinions, and these means may take the form of a new party, which may serve the purposes of the campaign of this year, or which may be the fair beginning of a time.

If a new party is to be formed, its mission, for this year at least, will be to contend against the demagogy, the ignorance, and the positive corruptions of the two existing parties, and to prevent, if possible, the evil consequences to the material interests of the nation with which free silver and "straddling" threaten it. In other words, such a new party would be formed for the purpose of giving to the best men of the Republican and Democratic parties, as well as to the independents who hold the balance of power, an opportunity to make themselves felt in the coming election.

We have grave doubts if there is sufficient courage among the leaders of either party for the accomplishment of this object by the formation of a new party. But if such a movement be possible, it must be begun by well-known men of character, in whose political sagacity there is general confidence. A movement of this kind cannot prosper unless it is evident that, owing to the sincerity and skill of those who lead it, its campaign will be as successful as existing conditions will permit. Its organizers ought also to be leading men from different parts of the country, and especially from the West and the South, where the money issue will be most stoutly contended. A movement organized by self-appointed and unknown persons, or a movement started in New York alone, would be doomed to failure in advance.

Nothing may come of the desultory talk about a third party, and nothing could be worse for the immediate future of our politics than a flash in the pan. If such a movement be seriously contemplated, the nature of its origin should be a subject of thoughtful consideration and tactful effort, and the names signed to the first call should embrace men from every section of the country.

## FORTY YEARS OF A PARTY.

The Republican National Convention meets within a few days of the fortieth anniversary of the first such assembly ever held by the party. On the 17th of June, 1856, nearly a thousand men from every free State and several border States and Territories gathered at Philadelphia, in pursuance of a call issued by a conference at Pittsburg on the previous Washington's birthday, which was addressed "to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present [Pierce] administration, to the extension of slavery into free territory, in favor of admitting Kansas as a free State, of restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson."

Slavery was thus confessedly the sole cause for the formation of the new political organization. The Democratic party was steadily and rapidly becoming a mere agency of the slaveholders for extending their power. The Whig party, after its nomination and election of a slaveholder as President in 1848 and its endorsement of the fugitive slave law in 1852, was fast disintegrating. "Know-Nothingism" had suddenly leaped into great success, but its foundations were obviously too weak to support a permanent structure. If the spread of slavery were to be arrested, a new party must be organized.

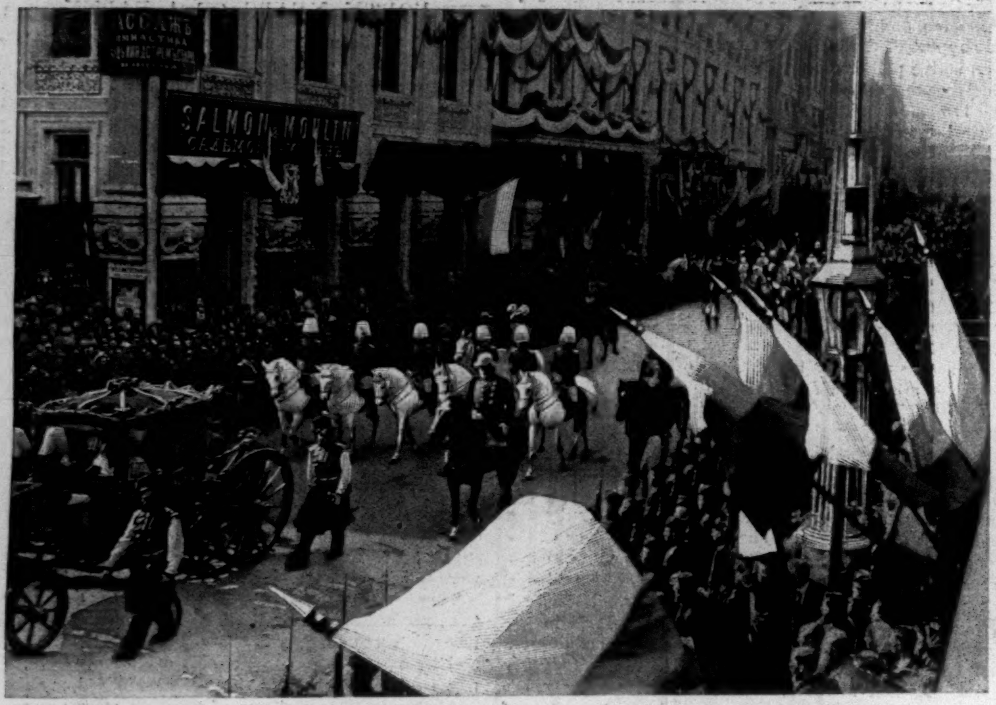
There was no question forty years ago as to what was the issue of the campaign. The Republican party came into existence expressly to oppose the extension of slavery, and its first platform was almost exclusively devoted to this subject. Only four short planks, indeed, mentioned any other matter; and one of these—a reference to the "Ostend Circular," regarding the acquisition of Cuba, which was earnestly desired by the South—really covered a phase of the slavery question, while another demanded the prohibition in the Territories of "those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery." The remaining two resolutions favored Federal aid to a Pacific railroad, and affirmed the constitutionality and wisdom of river and harbor bills, such a measure having been vetoed by Pierce—following the example of other Democratic Presidents.

The issue which brought the Republican party into being has, in one or another aspect, found a place in every national platform that it has adopted. Beginning with a protest against the extension of slavery in 1856, and again in 1860, it proceeded in 1864 to "demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic"; by 1868 it advanced to the reconstruction of the South on the basis of "equal suffrage to all loyal men"; thereafter it repeatedly insisted that the enforcement of the constitutional amendments could "safely be intrusted only to the party that secured these amendments" (to quote the language chosen in 1872); and even down to 1892 the race which had been enslaved received attention, the negro being the sole occasion for the declaration, four years ago, that "we demand that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast one free and unrestricted ballot in all public elections, and that such ballot shall be counted and returned as cast," with the pledge that "the party will never relax its efforts until the integrity of the ballot and the purity of elections shall be fully guaranteed and protected in every State."

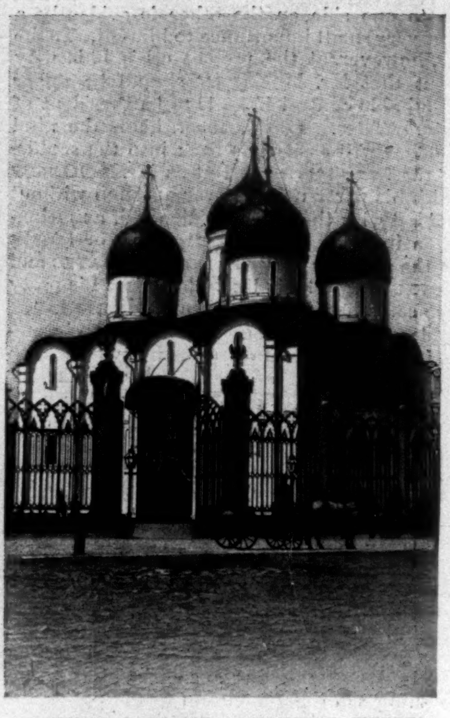
The Republican party as originally organized has completed its work. Slavery has been abolished, the Union has been restored upon the theoretical basis of equal suffrage for whites and blacks, ex-masters and ex-slaves, and all has been done that can be done through constitutions and statutes to convert this theory into fact. The one enduring achievement of the brief control of all branches of the national government by the Democrats from March, 1893, to March, 1895, was the repeal of the Federal election laws, with but little protest from the Republicans in Congress, followed by a popular acquiescence so complete that not one of the forty-five Republican State conventions this year has said a word on the subject. The one certain thing about the St. Louis platform is that it will have no reference to the slavery issue and the sectional issue that grew out of slavery. By a curious coincidence the first convention that has nothing to say on questions connected with slavery is also the first to have delegates from a new State which was the stronghold of the other "twin relic of barbarism," when the polygamy of Utah was condemned in 1856 along with the slavery of the South.

The political organization which declared war upon slavery and polygamy might rightly be called "the party of moral ideas." Its chief article of faith now is one which was not even mentioned in the platform of 1856; which was put into the platform of 1860 because Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, demanded it rather than because most of the delegates wanted it; which was entirely omitted from the resolutions of 1864, and again from those of 1868; which occupied a subordinate position in 1872, 1876, and 1880 as simply a "belief," "that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor"; and which only so recently as 1884 foreshadowed the declaration of 1892, now generally accepted, that "the American doctrine of protection" is the first article of Republican faith.

Forty years make a long life for a political organization. The Federalist party disappeared within two-thirds of that period. The National Republican name was used only from about 1825 to 1835. Its immediate (Whig) successor held its last national convention in 1856. Only the Democratic party has maintained unchanged a longer existence than that of the modern Republican party.



THE EMPRESS IN HER CARRIAGE.



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, WHERE THE CORONATION TOOK PLACE.

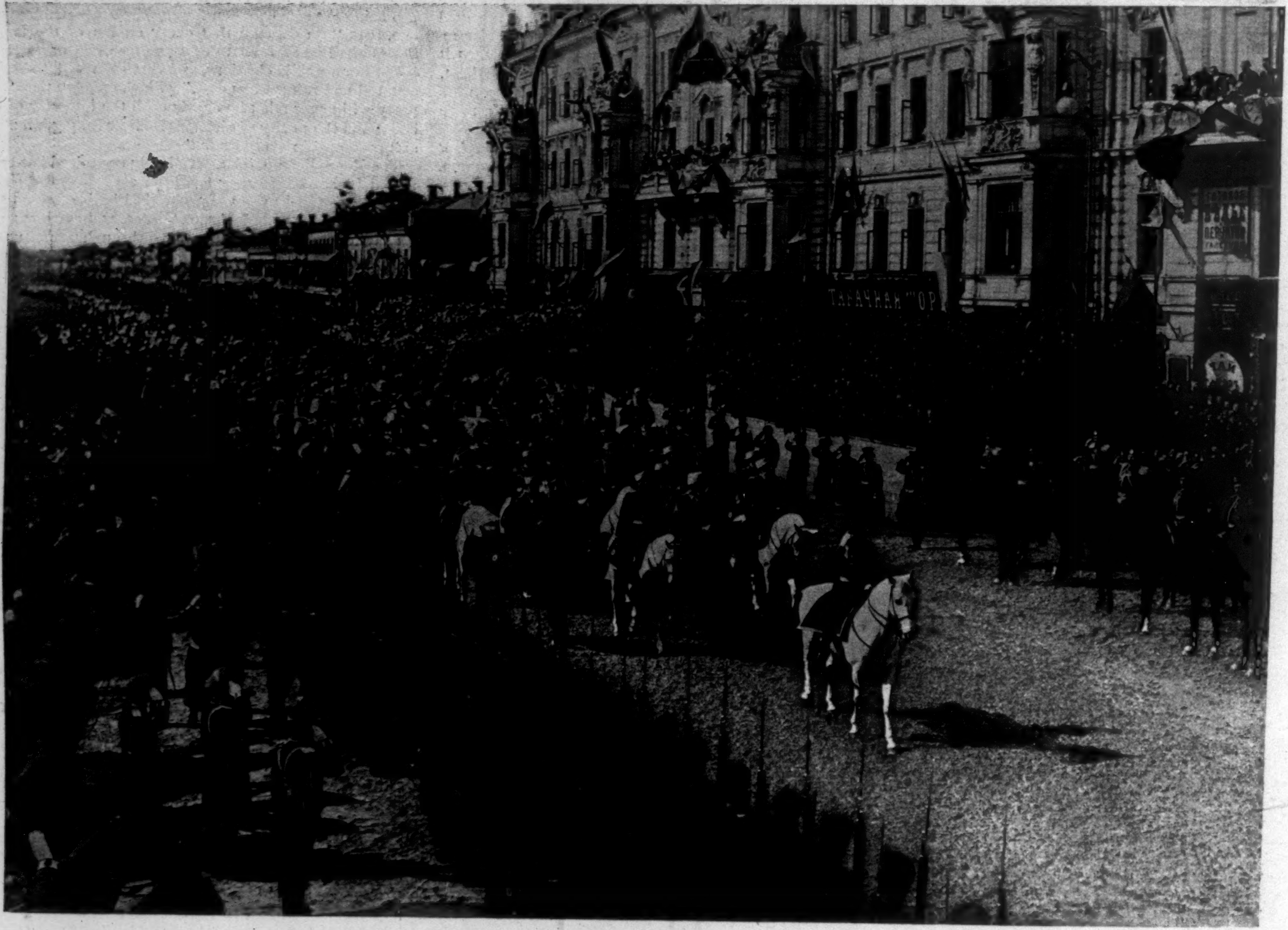
## AT MOSCOW.

THE Cathedral of the Assumption of Moscow, where the coronations of the Czars take place, bears as to size no equality to those sacred edifices where the other kings or rulers of Europe receive their crowns. The Cathedral of the Assumption is decidedly small, and with a standing capacity of certainly not over seven hundred people. So on the occasion of the recent coronation it was tightly wedged. The interior of the cathedral is gorgeous. It is all ablaze with gilding and color and the exuberant ornamentations of the Greek Church. Around the walls, on the massive columns, hang innumerable pictures of saints. Here is a gorgeous screen of gold and burnished copper, which is always flashing. The lights are many. The ceremony of the coronation takes place on a dais, over which hangs a canopy all of crimson cloth. If, then, space is limited in the Cathedral of the Assumption, at least the building is pervaded with a solemn silence, so that almost every word of the ceremonial becomes audible. It is on the dais that stand the Emperor and the Empress. When the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg has administered the sacred rites, the Emperor takes the crown, sets it on his own head, and then places a smaller crown on the head of the Empress.

The entry of the Czar was through the principal streets of Moscow, and was one of the most imposing acts in the ceremony. The Czar wore the Semenoffsky uniform, and was mounted on a white charger. Immediately after him came the Minister of War and the various members of the imperial family. Among these was the Grand-Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, commander-in-chief of the army. Next followed a throng of princes, representatives of foreign rulers, with their numerous suites.

On the sidewalks and on recently erected platforms stood a hundred thousand people, and on each side of the street, drawn in line, was a double rank of infantry, and at intervals squadrons of Cossacks. Many of the streets of the old capital of Russia are narrow and tortuous, but that of the "Triumph Gate" is broad and spacious. Facing it are many of the finest public buildings in Moscow, and on this gala occasion they were decked with banners and flags, and the effect was wonderful. The cheering all along the line as the Emperor passed was incessant. In the procession, which extended some miles in length, were countless public functionaries, the religious, the judicial, and business representatives, with the heads of the many guilds, coming from all parts of Russia.

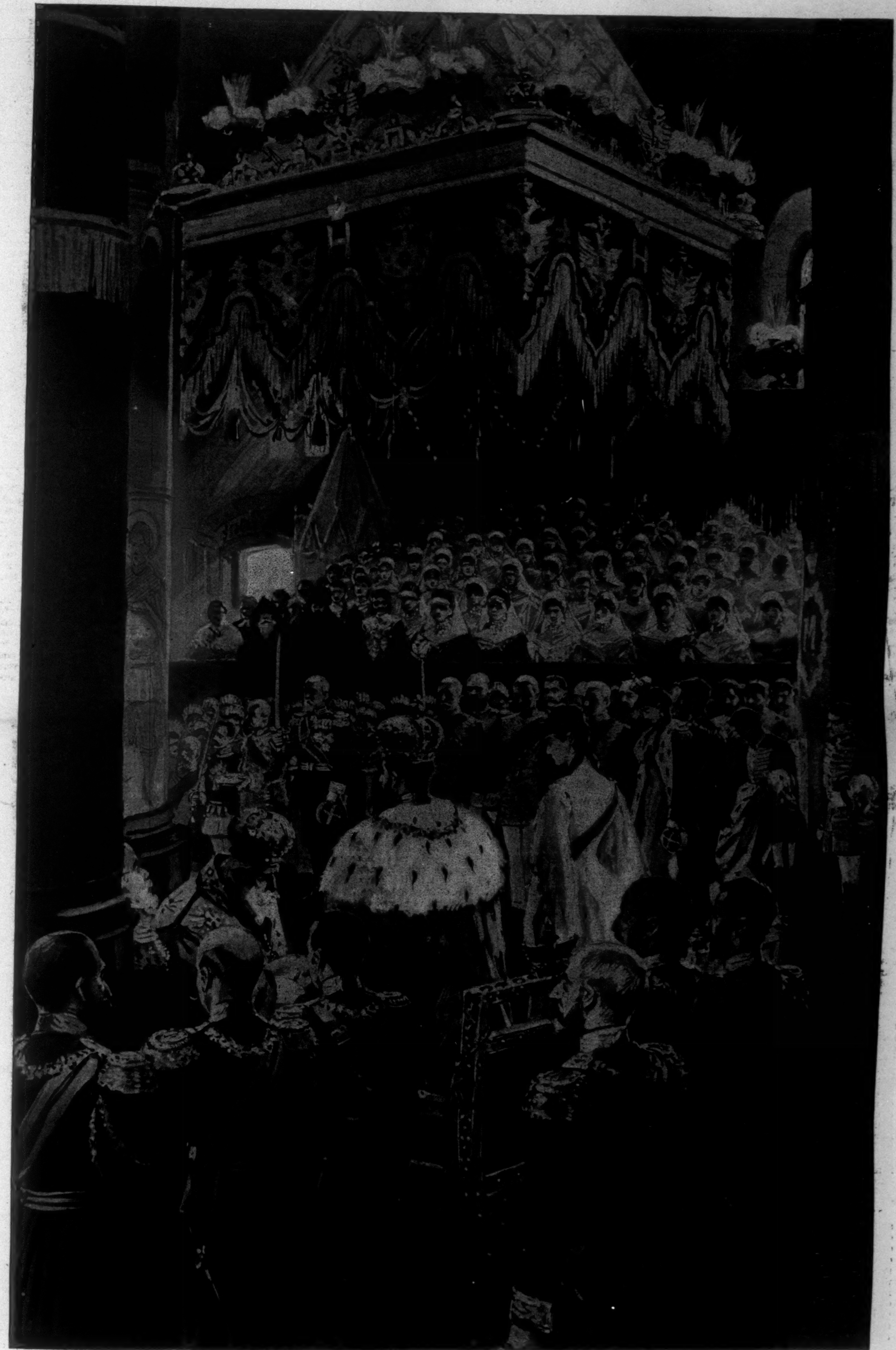
For the entry of the Empress a special state carriage had been made. To it were harnessed eight superb white horses, the bridle of each held by a page. Near each wheel, and on foot, was a Cossack of the Guard, a *corps d'élite*, in red uniform lavishly trimmed with gold. Following the Empress's carriage were seven mounted court pages. The streets were thronged, the cheering incessant. Along the whole line of the Empress's route again stood that barrier, the double rank of infantry.



THE EMPEROR APPROACHING THE TRIUMPH GATE.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—THE SOLEMN ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

SEE PAGE 618.



THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR—CEREMONY IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY HENRY CUMMING.

SEE PAGE 618.

# LIFE AND LETTERS

A CORRESPONDENT who professes a grateful appreciation of the essays printed from week to week in this place, wishes their author to write something about the home. He thinks we are drifting away from it; that it is counting for less and less among our young people; that it is becoming merely a place to eat and sleep in; that the training of our children is left more and more to the kindergarten, the day school, and the Sunday-school. He wishes me to inquire what the home is to our young men to-day, and how much it is regarded in the higher education of our young women; whether it would not be well for our women's colleges to have courses of home science, including child-study, husband-study, and so forth. He would like to know whether, finally, the New Home-maker would not be a word of hopefuler import than the New Woman.

### I.

I am afraid my correspondent can have very little notion of the vast suggestiveness of the texts he has given me. Here is matter for a hundred papers, for volumes of comment. It is the question of our whole civilization which he has asked me to consider, and it is with difficulty that I deny myself the pleasure of responding in terms that would carry us to the end of our dissatisfied century. But something short of this may be done; a point or two may be chosen and treated; we may even glance at the whole matter without committing the reader exhaustively to it. I may express, for instance, a modest misgiving as to the facts which my correspondent rests upon in his appeal to me, and indulge a doubt of that decay of the home which he regrets.

I fancy that the home was always much rarer than we think, and I do not believe that it is rarer now than ever. Indeed, if there are more comfort and more widespread ease and leisure among us, the conditions for the home are more favorable, for it is useless to deny that where there is great poverty, as where there is great luxury, the conditions for the home are bad. The home flourishes best in that middling environment where the family is held strongly together by a common feeling of its supreme value. But where the habitation is bare and squalid there can be no sense of home; and where the social and material circumstance is full of invitation outside of it, the home cannot seem the first good of life. It is the family, however, that makes the home; it is often, if not usually, one temperament, the temperament of the mother, that makes it; and this will have more effect in great poverty than in great luxury. We have all seen some woman-nature holding a wretched household together, and shedding its own inner loveliness upon everything in it; and we have all seen some such woman-nature clogged with superfluity, denied its function of giving and blessing, and thrown back upon itself, in circumstances where want could not be imagined. Love expresses itself in help, and where the help is hired there must be less sense of love than where the help is given. Probably, then, there are more who look back tenderly to the house of poverty than to the house of luxury; but one cannot deny that it is possible to look back to a palace home with fond regret. I never heard of such a case, but it is possible to suppose it.

We need not deal long with these extremes. They are commoner among us than they once were, however, and perhaps that is what makes us think that the home, which does not flourish in them, is in decay. Yet if it were the kind of fact that the census could reach, I should not be at all surprised if the home in the best sense were found flourishing more vigorously and abundantly than ever before.

The whole effect of our conditions is to create and foster a vast middle class, and with the middle class, as I have expressed, I believe the home is more than with the highest or the lowest class. The house where there is neither want nor surfeit is peculiarly the shelter of the home. Its inmates, especially the womankind, are dedicated but not sacrificed to the care of it; they are its votaries, not its victims, and their love of it makes it beautiful and precious to all who dwell in it. When the children go away they miss it, and want to come back; it is the image of heaven in the thoughts of those who have known it. But it does not exist of itself; it exists from the mother's love, the father's wisdom, the mutual good-will of the whole family. We associate the idea of it with permanence, but a parlor-car may be home to the family that travels in it, upon these terms; and the mere body of it may be of almost any sort. To people who were brought up in the old-fashioned way, in a separate house, or a detached house, with grounds about it, and a cellar under it, home in a city flat seems impossible; but I have seen dwellers in flats who did not seem to me at all homeless. Home is not dependent upon time or place; it is in the heart, and it remains there through every change.

### II.

My correspondent confesses that he is a young man, and I venture to think that some impressions he has concerning the home are from facts which its very origin and destiny implicate. It appears to him that the home is counting for less and less with young people; but really it has always been counting for less and less with young people, and always will, though it multiplies more and more. The home is perpetually founding itself upon the destruction of the home; that is, the children grow up out of it and form homes of their own, which in turn are deserted by their children for the homes that they shall create.

I doubt very much whether there are now greater numbers of young people than there once were voluntarily living beyond the circle and the influence of home. It is said that there are more young girls in this state, and there is the foolish phrase bachelor-girls, which is supposed to describe their condition; but these girls are probably not averse to home life. They turn from the paternal roof before marriage more perhaps than formerly, through the law of their being, which impels the young to leave the nest; but even as bachelor-girls they show that the home instinct is rife in them: they forsake the dismal boarding-house, and club together to make at least a temporary home under a roof of their own.

As for young men, I dare say that now, as always hitherto, they are homeless only so far as they must be. They forsake the boarding-house, too, as often as they can; and the modern city provides other ways and means of living for them. They often club together like the bachelor-girls, and take a house or a flat and do their poor best to make a home of it. After all, the human heart is a very simple affair in its desires, and the chief of these, even with the most sophisticated people, is a primitive longing for some place where they shall be surrounded by the fact or appearance of disinterested affection; where their persons shall be known, their habits considered, their whims indulged. They get this measurably at a hotel or a club, and it is the dread of losing this in a house of their own that keeps them single and solitary. One may say that it is the love of home which makes them seem homeless.

### III.

I do not know, however, that I would have courses of home science introduced into the women's colleges. Home comes from the heart, not from the head of woman; it cannot be taught; it is of her nature, if it is at all; and it is not reasonable to expect the home of every woman. Some excellent women are unfit for the domesticities, but the theory of society condemns every woman to them. This is unjust, and it leads to misery in the marriages of such women, who might never have married if marriage had not always been held up before them as the ideal condition for their sex. It is the ideal condition for most women, as it is for most men; but it is no more so in one case than in the other.

It is quite possible that the divinely appointed function of such women and such men is to supplement in schools the best work of the home. I cannot think it deplorable, as my correspondent seems to do, that the training of children should be largely left to their teachers. We must look at the facts of the case, which obviously are that in the family the parents are not always able to give due attention to the training of the children, and often they are not qualified to do so. They can always indeed impart the ideal of all good-breeding, unselfishness; but in the realization of this there are many graces, many arts, which can be better taught in the school than in the home. Even the self-sacrifice which makes the home life lovely may have the unlovely effect of rendering the domestic family forgetful of the claims of the human family; and the school can remind the home of these. The children can be shown there by precept and example that their immediate circle is not of prime importance and may not be of prime excellence; and they can go back to their own roof, carrying this lesson to their parents, who are sometimes too much centred in themselves and their own.

Very often, too, good people, good fathers and mothers, who know how to make home dear to their children, are people of no manners, rather than of bad manners; and if the school can correct this defect for the children, it will do an admirable service to them, and through them to their parents. In fine, I am not at all disposed to regret that their training should be largely left to the school; but I wish the school might be still more a school of morals and of manners. There is a distinct advantage in public education in these things. At the school the children out of the different homes can compare themselves with one another, and can learn to follow or shun the examples they mutually offer. This is what men and women do in the world, and I think the world at the best is such a very good thing that I would have its influences in this sort begin as soon as possible in the school. The little citizens must be instructed in their choice, however, and not left to their own taste in following or shunning the examples before them. I believe that if I have any regret in regard to the relegation of training to the schools it is that the schools are not sufficiently responsive in the matter. I feel so strongly concerning this function of theirs that I would have all teachers subjected to as severe an examination in their manners as in their intellectual qualifications, and I would have a rude, or uncouth, or ill-mannered person instantly rejected for that cause. I see no good reason, indeed, why in the public schools there should not be special instruction in civility, which is the beginning of civilization, and the very root of civism. It is this which is so often neglected in homes, which are nurseries of all the virtues, but so far as the manners are concerned are sometimes howling wildernesses. It is the want of this which in so many Americans annuls the effect of the kindest and best hearts in the world, and renders us at first incredible, and then impossible, to peoples who have studied and who value the social graces.

W. D. HOWELLS.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

THE three-year course in American universities seems to be coming. A majority of the Harvard faculty voted, on May 27, in favor of the adoption of a recognized three years' course for the degree of A.B. in that college. But it was too slight a majority to have its way. Presently, when the opinion of the Harvard faculty is more decided, the Overseers and Corporation will doubtless yield to it, and when once Harvard tries the experiment it will be pretty thoroughly tested. Of course, even when the three years' course is recognized, there will still be a four years' course for those who prefer it, and the simultaneous existence of the two courses of unequal length leading to the same degree may be expected to put the finishing-touches to any remnant of class feeling that may be left at Harvard at that time. Harvard class feeling, by-the-way, is said to have experienced a slight temporary resuscitation in the class of '99, which has been so exceptionally successful in boating, baseball, and other vanities that its members are said to exult in it, and in themselves as members of so distinguished a family.

The limited space in which Yale College is compelled to transact the large educational and sporting business which has grown up on its hands continues from time to time to be a cause of friction between the government of the university and the undergraduates. The undergraduates form habits which they desire both to indulge and to transmit to their successors. They also form strong attachments to buildings and institutions, both of which at times get in the way of improvement and obstruct the march of progress. Some time ago the government of Yale determined to allot, as the site of a costly new building which a benefactor offered, a piece of land abutting upon the sacred Fence which young Yale had been used to sit upon since before the period when long trousers came into fashion. The undergraduates protested with a lamentable outcry against this perversion of the basis of sentiment to mere purposes of utility, but an important section of the Fence gave place to the building. Still more lately there was an impassioned protest against the destruction of sundry venerable, ramshackle, and beloved brick buildings, the sites of which were needed for newer ones; but the government had its way, and the old buildings are gone. Last week word came that the undergraduates had taken to heart the appropriation of certain space in front of Durfee Hall to be occupied by a statue of the late President Woolsey. This space, it seems, is near a remnant of the sacred Fence, and is needed by the undergraduates for a play-ground on which to toss pennies and possibly to trundle hoops, and they declared that the sequestration of it for the use proposed was contrary to tradition and propriety, and hindered the perpetuation of the Yale spirit. Happily their protest has prevailed. Professor Weir, who selected the obnoxious site, asked to have the choice reconsidered, and the statue is to be placed near the Library, on a site to which no one objects.

The 22d of this month is the day set for the marriage of Bouguereau, the French painter, to Miss Elizabeth Gardner, an American woman, who was born in 1842, at Exeter, New Hampshire, studied art in Paris, and has won success and high distinction as an artist. Miss Gardner was a pupil of Bouguereau while she was still a struggling student, and it is said that they became engaged to be married in 1867, but that Bouguereau's mother preferred that her son should marry a French woman, and, like a dutiful French son, he respected her wishes. She lived to be ninety-one years old, so that it seems to have paid her to have her own way. Miss Gardner became the wife's friend, and when she died took Bouguereau's daughter to live with her and brought her up. Now the daughter is married, Miss Gardner is still disengaged, and Bouguereau, at seventy-one, has no further filial, matrimonial, or parental obligations which need hinder him from following the suggestions of his heart. His son and daughter are pleased with his plan, and have given cheerful consent to it, and gossip says that the wedding will be one of the most elegant private weddings ever seen in Paris. This interesting and romantic story abounds in morals, whereof the most insistent seems to be that meek people who are so ideally well regulated as to prefer duty to inclination are bound not only to inherit the earth, but to experience ample solace and satisfaction while they are waiting.

The WEEKLY of May 9 had, on its first page, a cartoon by Mr. Rogers, in which Mr. Platt is shown in a crown and royal robes, seated on a throne, instructing a small class of autocrats out of a text-book entitled *Bossing Made Easy*. The three scholars represented as imbibing "a few pointers from an expert" are Emperor William of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey. The two Emperors have their crowns on, and the Czar has a knout hanging out of his trousers pocket. A Russian subscriber to the WEEKLY has sent back to the publishers so much of the first page of that number as includes the title and date, and asks to have the remainder forwarded to him. The censors in the Russian post-office, it seems, could not bring themselves to part with Mr. Rogers's picture of the Czar, which remained, accordingly, in their hands. It is worth any one's while to look that picture up in a file of the WEEKLY and to try to imagine the impression it would make upon a Russian censor's mind, and his theories of its scope and purpose.

The proposal of the University of Toronto to confer the degree of D.C.L. on Dr. Goldwin Smith stirred up a hornet's nest. Dr. Smith is understood to favor the annexation of Canada to the United States, and a good many loyal Britons in Canada object strenuously to have honors of any kind conferred on a person of his views. Justice Falconbridge, of Toronto, resigned from the university Senate rather than be a party to the action which the Senate proposed to take. Dr. Smith has relieved his friends from embarrassment by declining in advance to receive the proposed degree, expressing his surprise at the infusion of politics into such a matter. Being born and reared in England, he is possibly used to more freedom of political speech than his Canadian brethren. He is LL.D. (Brown), and D.C.L. (Oxford) already.

It is to be hoped that the St. Louis Convention will appreciate the non-partisan courtesy of Secretary Carlisle in ordering, on June 9, that an importation of 4100 street signs for use in St. Louis should be hurried unopened through New York to their destination. St. Louis has had trouble enough, and even a Democratic administration does not wish the Republican delegates to miss their way in her streets. It is to be hoped that a reasonable proportion of those signs may read, "To the Gold Standard."

A Havana despatch, dated June 9, said that Thomas Dawley, Jun., the imprisoned correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY, would be freed on the following day, by General Weyler's order, as a personal favor to Consul-General Lee. Mr. Dawley was arrested at the Trocha, June 3, charged with being in communication with the insurgents, and brought to Havana, where he was locked up at the police headquarters, and confined later in Morro Castle. Consul-General Lee at once interested himself in his case, and obtained the promise of General Weyler that it should be promptly investigated. A later despatch, dated June 14, gives the news of his release, with the proviso that he must present himself to the Fiscal every eight days while he remains on the island.

The University of Cambridge has honored American scholarship by conferring honorary degrees on Professors Francis Andrew March, of Lafayette College, and Simon Newcomb, of Johns Hopkins. Dr. March is Professor of English and Comparative Philology, and has been a distinguished philologist these many years. Princeton made him an LL.D. as long ago as 1870, and in 1873 he was president of the American Philological Society. He is well known also as an editor of text-books of the Greek and Latin Christian authors, and as the superintendent of the work of American readers for the Historical Dictionary of English which is being published by the University of Oxford. As for Dr. Newcomb, it is an off year with him when he does not receive distinguished recognition of some sort from across the seas. The list of his honorary degrees, awards, and distinctions would easily fill a column of the WEEKLY. He is an LL.D. of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and other American universities, an associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and many other things, besides which he keeps a bag of large gold medals at the bank. He is Uncle Sam's senior professor of mathematics, and since 1877 has had charge of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. His professorship of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins he has held since 1884. Astronomy being Dr. Newcomb's profession, his recreation is political economy. He has written many books on both subjects, both for the erudite and for the unlearned. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1835, came to Yankeeland in 1853, and learned the rudiments of science in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard.

E. S. MARTIN.

### LONDON.

PEOPLE here are reading with interest such meagre information as the papers give them of the Yale crew that is to compete at Henley. American sportsmen are always gladly welcomed by Englishmen, and the Yale boys who ran against Oxford two years back left behind them such pleasant impressions and such a sound reputation for thorough sportsmanship that their comrades may be sure of an especially hearty greeting. The two great universities are uniting to do them honor, and every boating-man in England is looking forward to a spirited friendly contest. The English do not take Henley very seriously. It is a swell water picnic above everything else. But still, among oarsmen I notice no intention of letting Yale come in front without a very stiff struggle. The Yale boys have an important mission in another way. They have to wipe out the unfortunate impression created by the Cornell fiasco, and I may add that they will find the English people willing, and even eager, to help them in doing so.

Vague rumors are still in the air about Mr. Bayard's possible retirement. The American ambassador at the court of St. James is universally popular, and Londoners especially would be sorry to see him go. Mr. Bayard is not a very prominent figure in England; indeed, the average man knew nothing of him, beyond the bare fact of his official position, until about two years ago, when, before an American audience, he paid a tribute to British order and morality which set all England a-laughing. Mr. Bayard said that he had never heard in any performance on the English stage a single word that would cause a modest girl to blush, that he had never heard an Englishman swear, and that he had never been inside an Englishman's house at which family prayers were not held before breakfast. This was a little too much, and some of the London papers had to confess that, with the best will in the world, Englishmen could not always live up to that standard. Then Mr. Bayard dropped out of public sight for a time, and it was only the vote of censure passed on him at Washington that revived interest in his personality. And since then people have been going about saying what a charming man and popular ambassador Mr. Bayard is, and how much his removal at the present time would endanger the cause of international peace.

It is nearly sixty years since Macaulay, to the infinite gratification of later critics, spoke of Mr. Gladstone as the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories, and never, to judge by the tirades of the Liberal press, would the title be more becoming to him than it is now. The Gladstonian papers are vying with each other in abusing their old leader. It is all about the letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Cardinal Rampolla on the subject of a reunion of the Christian churches. It has raised the old "No-Popery" cry, which has not been heard in England since the days of the absurd "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" in 1851. Dr. Berry, Dr. Guiness Rogers, and other well-known non-conformist politicians have bitterly denounced the letter as a betrayal of the liberty of the country, a miserable truckling to Rome, and so on. There was a proposal made soon after his retirement that Mr. Gladstone should be muzzled, and for the last two years the Liberals have certainly been wishing for some sort of a check upon his ubiquitous energy.

S. B.

### CHICAGO.

THE Union League Club of Chicago is interesting itself in a plan to call conventions, in various parts of the State, of the young men who will vote for the first time next November. The idea is to provide for an earnest presentation to these "first voters" of the duties of citizenship by means of non-partisan addresses. The plan is certainly an admirable one, if it can be carried out by methods that are free from the taint of partisanship. Young men who cast their first votes probably do not, as a rule, think very deeply in making their choice of candidates, and are peculiarly apt to be carried away by some local wave of enthusiasm. Few of them have ever read an independent newspaper, or heard politics discussed upon the grounds of pure principle. Any influence is to be welcomed that will tend to make the next generation of voters more serious than the present one in their politics, to make them realize that there is no logic in campaign toys and torch-light processions, and no truth worth speaking of in the newspaper organs of the parties. It seems, indeed, as if our only hope is in the accession of a new generation of independent voters, when we see both the great parties of the present day compounding with advocates of repudiation, and one of them gone daft over a candidate who seeks office under false pretences, and has not the common honesty to declare himself upon the chief political issue of the campaign.

The 6th of June was Ben Franklin day in Chicago, for it witnessed the unveiling, accompanied by voluminous speech-making, of a statue of the man for whom Turgot composed his famous hexameter.

> "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

It was not, however, of Franklin, the snatcher of thunder-bolt and sceptre, that the most was said, but rather of Franklin the printer; for the statue was the gift of Mr. Joseph Medill, "the Nestor of Chicago journalism," to the Old Time Printers' Association, and the celebration was under the auspices of that organization. The members of the craft turned out in full force, together with representatives of other labor organizations and of the allied industries of book-making. The statue itself, the work of Mr. H. R. Parks, is of bronze, with a gray granite base, and occupies a well-chosen site in Lincoln Park, already famous for its statues of La Salle, Schiller, Linnæus, Grant, and, best of all, the Lincoln of Mr. St. Gaudens. The actual unveiling was the act of Mr. René Bache, a great-great-great-grandson of Poor Richard, who came from Washington, D.C., for the purpose, as he put it, of thus propitiating the *manes* of his ancestor. There are but three other public statues of Franklin in the country—the marble one in Washington and the bronze ones in New York and Boston—although Philadelphia is tardily engaged in repairing a century's omission by adding a fifth to the number.

The following resolution was adopted at a recent meeting of the Chicago Council: "The Board of Aldermen of the city of Chicago most strenuously urges and requests the Board of Education to award the contract for text-books to the firm printing and publishing the books in Chicago, and earnestly protests against giving the work to non-resident firms, thus depriving our own workmen of employment to which they are justly entitled." Of all the motives that ever led to the adoption of school-books, the one voiced by this resolution is probably the lowest. There is no reason to think that any attention will be paid to the request, yet it shows to what a length it is possible to carry the common but irrational practice of forcing upon teachers without their consent the use of certain books. The time is coming when teachers will choose their own books, just as draughtsmen choose their own implements and violinists their own instruments, as a matter of course. To establish the status of the text-book as a tool, and to recognize the simple fact that tools should be suited to the hands that use them, are two of the greatest educational reforms yet to be made in this country.

W. M. P.

### BOSTON.

THE Massachusetts Medical Society last week gave an exhibition in Mechanics' Hall of the practical use of the X ray. The various objects of examination were shown through fluoroscopes in connection with the Crookes tube. A middle-aged man afflicted with consumption in the right lung was examined. The healthy lung appeared to be dark and heavy, and the right one much smaller, and, through the fluoroscope, white and thin. In a small boy could be determined the larger bones and the heart and liver, and in another patient a fracture of the ulna was discovered, and in another a dislocated joint. Three hundred physicians attended. Such an exhibition was not even dreamed of in their philosophy until within the last few months. Perhaps the fluoroscope will take the place of the valentine as a method of imparting a knowledge of the true condition of the heart to the one most interested.

The Massachusetts Legislature is more correctly styled the Great and General Court. It lives up to its name, for it gives a hearing to every party coming before it, and it disposes in some fashion of every question presented to it. It does its work well, upon the whole, and the sturdy volumes of Public Statutes, like coral islands, stand as monuments to the Legislatures which have passed away after producing them. It is the fashion to denounce the Legislature, and to declare that each year it grows worse, and that men of character and ability are growing scarcer in it. The truth is that the modern legislator lives in a time when the great corporations are devoting every energy to acquiring influence over the representatives of the people. The fathers had simpler questions to deal with, and were less tempted. And then, too, they are dead and gone, and we are not accurately informed as to their doings.

It is proposed to institute shower-baths in the Boston public schools for the benefit of the pupils. The School Committee has already introduced cooking and sewing schools, but it shrinks from undertaking to establish baths. To one who has not investigated the subject the idea is one which could best be carried out by a maternal government. The practical difficulties in looking after the bathing of a large number of children seem great, but the idea is novel and progressive.

J. T. W.

### NEW ORLEANS.

A NEW city missionary movement is that organized by the Salesian Sisters, whose purpose is to Americanize the large Italian population of this city. The Italians here, who are mostly Sicilians, are even worse congested than in New York. Settling around the French Market and the fruit and oyster landings, they have driven out the original creoles. There are some 20,000 of them congregated in that section, living all to themselves in big barracks—the only tenement-houses in New Orleans. This Italian colony is the oldest in the country, many of the settlers having come over before 1850; and there are thousands of native Louisianians, of two and even three descents, who can speak only Italian. This segregation of the Italians from the rest of the community is the cause of some of the prejudice which exists against them here, and which has resulted several times in mob outbreaks; but no one seemed interested in the matter until the Salesian Sisters threw themselves in the breach. They have accomplished so much in a year, and the Italians have shown such a willingness to become Americans, to learn the language, to become naturalized and live in American style instead of cooped up in a gloomy barracks, that the public has come, during the last few weeks, to the assistance of the Salesian Sisters, and has furnished them all the money needed for their missionary work that will put an end to "Little Italy," with its vendetta and its Mafia.

There will be an unusually big exodus to Europe this summer if the sugar bounty is paid in time; indeed, all plans for the summer are waiting on the bounty. A trip to Europe seems to be the favorite one. The voyage is smooth by the southern route, and seasickness rare; and, as an economist suggests, it costs very little more for the seventeen to twenty days the trip takes than board for the same time at a first-class summer-resort hotel.

No candidate ever came nearer the United States Senatorship, and lost, than Mr. Walter Denègre, who was defeated for that position the other day by ex-Governor S. D. McEnery. Mr. Denègre was an independent Democratic candidate, supported by those who demand a new and honest election law, a Constitutional convention, and a reform in existing abuses. Starting with thirty votes for Senator, he reached sixty votes on May 26. The election of Senator was expected on the next day, and it seemed certain that Mr. Denègre would win; and three times on that day he was within an inch of election. It required sixty-seven votes to elect. Mr. Denègre got sixty-six votes. His sixty-seventh man, Representative Fauria, of St. Tammany, who wanted to vote for him, was a little late, but ought to have reached the State House in time. The opposition, however, put every obstacle in his way, obstructed the entrance to the Assembly Hall, and Fauria got there just too late to vote. Just before the vote was announced, Representative Trosclair, of Lafourche, changed to Denègre, giving him a majority; but the Speaker failed to catch his eye or to hear him, and the result was announced as only sixty-six votes for Denègre. A second ballot was demanded, when Denègre was assured of seventy-two votes, but the Lieutenant-Governor, who was hostile to him, withdrew the Senate, under a ruling which was afterwards shown to be erroneous. The next day, when ex-Governor McEnery had been telegraphed to, and had consented to run against Denègre, the latter's ill luck continued. The ballot was an exciting one, the two candidates keeping "nip and tuck" with each other. In the midst of this excitement, what was the surprise of every one to hear Representative Kleinpeter, of Baton Rouge, an ardent Denègre man, vote for McEnery. It was a slip of the tongue, made in the excitement of the moment. The roll-call was rushed on before Kleinpeter discovered his error, and his vote elected McEnery. He changed it afterwards, but it was too late. Thus four successive accidents—if accidents they can be called—robbed Mr. Denègre of the Senatorship when it seemed securely within his grasp.

N. W.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

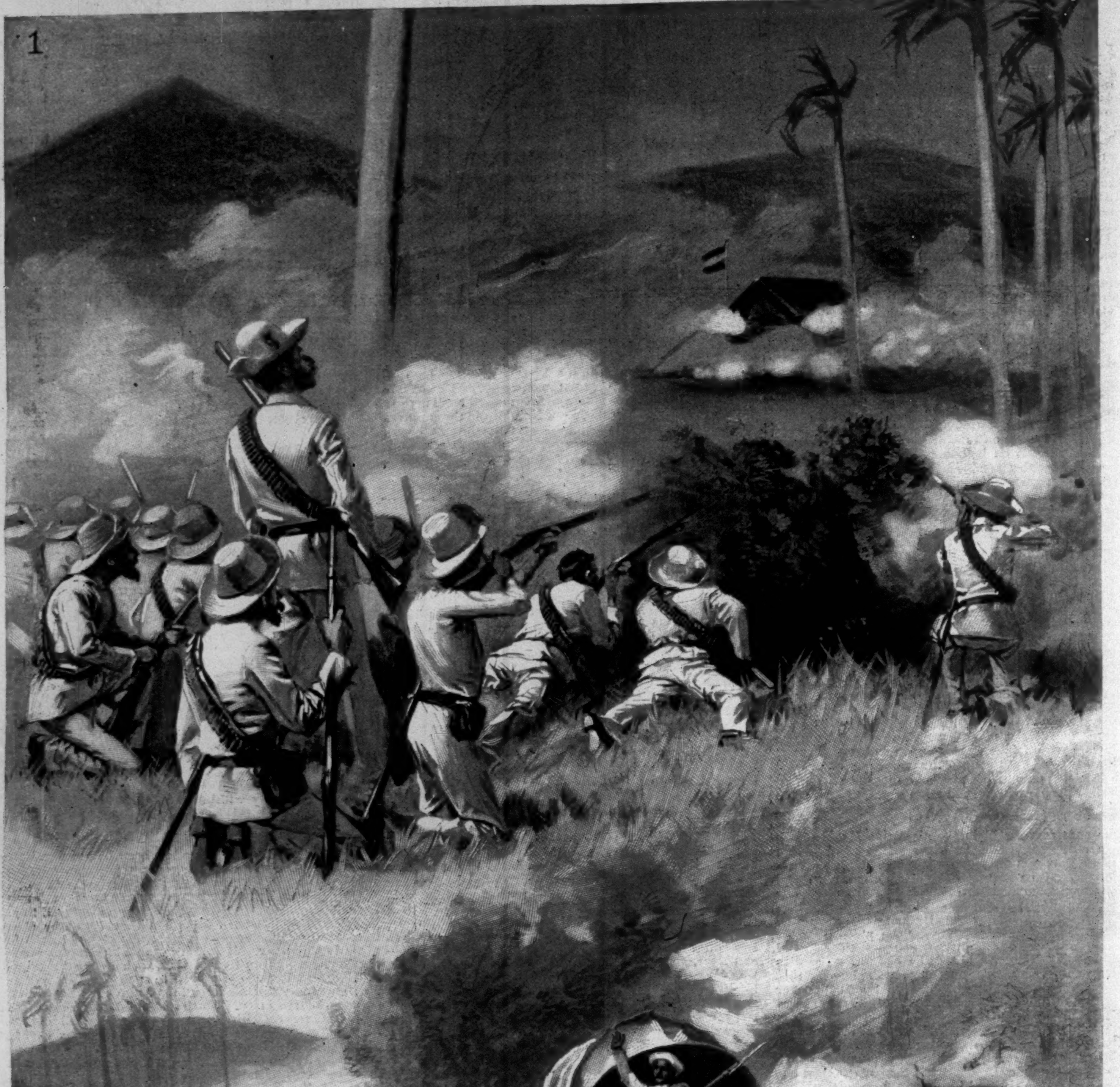
THE theatrical business has been bad in San Francisco for the past two or three years. The managers say that Eastern stars are afraid to risk the large expense of a California tour before audiences which are notoriously cold and capricious. That the public seem inclined to patronize a good performance when they have the chance is proved by the fine engagement just played by the Rehan-Daly Company. It is four years since this organization was here, and on its last visit, with all the prestige of its English triumphs, it played to such poor houses that Mr. Daly announced his intention of never returning to so unappreciative a city. Since then public taste has had a surfeit of farce comedies, extravaganzas and comic operas, and the advent of a real dramatic attraction created a stampede for tickets. The two favorite pieces of the three weeks' repertoire were, *The Countess Gucki* and *The School for Scandal.* The Rehan-Daly engagement, and Frank Mayo's *Puddin'head Wilson* have been the successes of the season of 1895–6.

G. B.

The State university being a secular institution, where modern science is taught without much concern for the bearing of its conclusions on the received theology, there has always existed much jealousy of it on the part of the clergy. Attacks upon it as a place where young men lose their faith have been frequent. And it is a fact that the University of California has contributed a notably small percentage of its graduates to the ministry. For some years the church people have discussed intermittently the scheme of establishing theological seminaries at Berkeley as unofficial annexes to the university. The first fruit of these discussions is the calling of Professor J. M. Jefferson, now principal of the Bible Department of Bethany College, Virginia, by the Christian Church of California. A fund of $60,000 has been subscribed, and will be used to maintain a seminary, the students of which will have all the advantages of the university. No building is to be erected; a class-room in one of the edifices of the university will be utilized. This is regarded as the beginning of a very important general movement in the interest of religion, which, in California at least, is supposed to suffer from the higher education.

The recent extension by President Cleveland of the civil-service rules has given impetus to a movement for removing the State service from the spoils basis. Mr. E. L Colnon, President of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners, who is also one of the conspicuous journalists of California, has taken a leading part. His official duties have enlightened him on the present condition of things, and he declares that the public can be served neither honestly nor efficiently so long as he and others make appointments in reward for political work. He gives it as his judgment that under the merit system the Harbor Commission could greatly reduce the number and cost of employés. Governor Budd, though he has taken full advantage of his power to provide for his friends and partisans, is in sympathy with Mr. Colnon, and will probably recommend action to the next Legislature. The recent increase of taxation in San Francisco, and the demands of the heads of departments for more money, while the improvements that have been paid for liberally are only faintly visible, popularize in the metropolis the cause of civil-service reform. When Messrs. Budd and Colnon, who are the chiefs of the Democratic party, pronounce against the spoils system while harvesting its fruits, it cannot longer be said that the proposed change is not a question of practical politics in California.

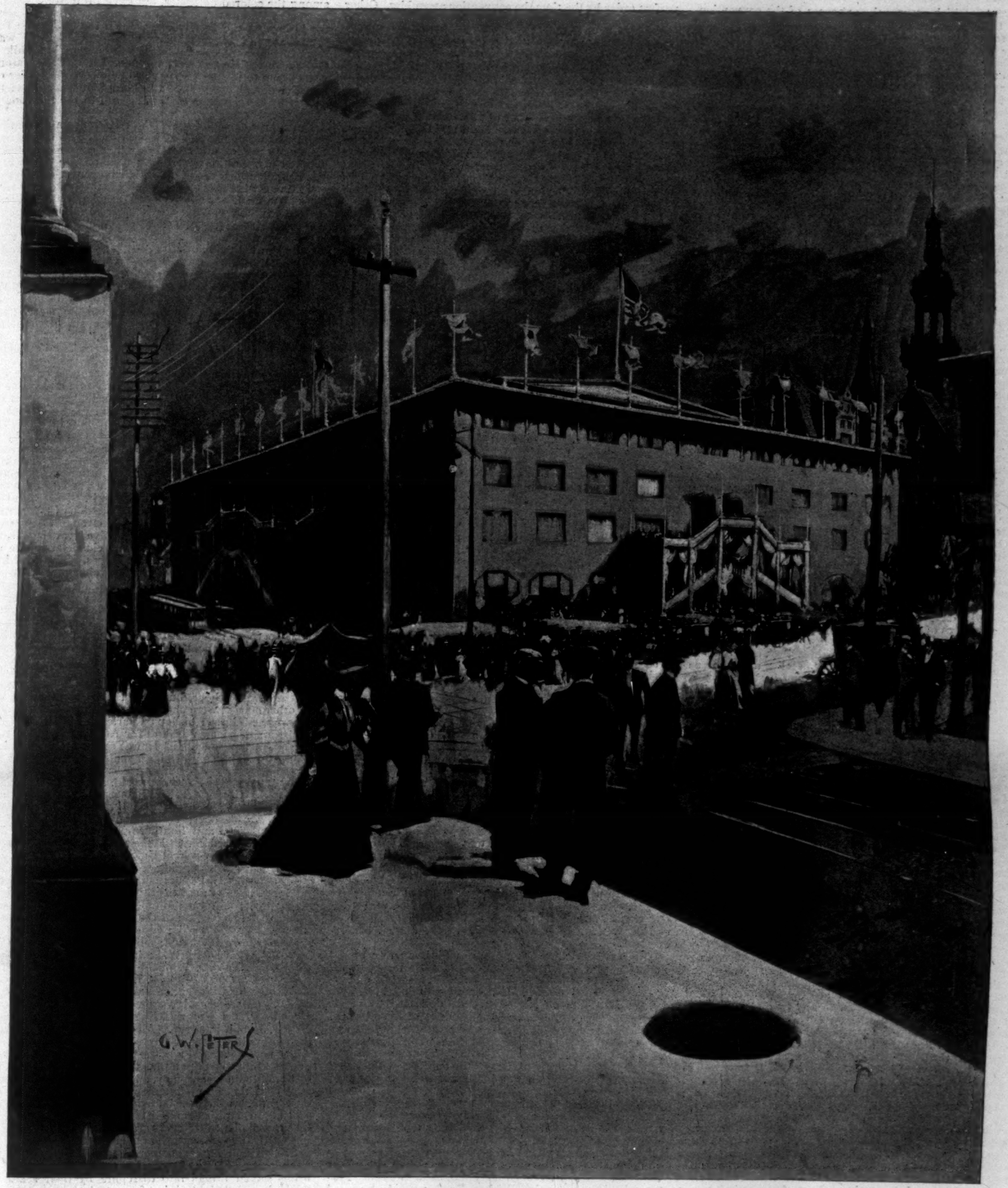
A. McE.



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 620.]

1. Insurgent Attack on Fort San Elias. 2. Insurgents capturing Military Stores escorted by a Detachment under General Altamira at Quiñones.



THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WEEK IN ST. LOUIS—THE AUDITORIUM, WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

## ST. LOUIS—THE CONVENTION CITY.

NOT many years ago great conventions were entertained by the cities selected as meeting-places. Now the convention city merely harbors the convention. The delegates are swallowed up in the immense crowd which flocks to a convention city, and if they want entertainment they must pay for it. So the reputation for hospitality which St. Louis has made will gain little by the experience of the Republican National Convention of 1896. But the capacity of the city for sheltering a great throng of people will be illustrated as it never was before. The Republican Convention promises to be the scene of the greatest gathering known in the history of national conventions.

In other years a national convention at St. Louis, of whatever kind, meant excursions, carriage rides, banquets. When the first convention of the Cattle-men's Association was held at St. Louis, the delegates were entertained with a steamboat ride up and down the river, and with a banquet. At the time of the Tilden convention, in 1876, there were river excursions for the entertainment of the delegates, and displays of fireworks from the Eads Bridge—then a novelty, and a source of infinite pride to the people of the city. When the congress of physicians and surgeons was held at St. Louis, not many years ago, there was a big ball in the Merchants' Exchange Hall, and there were many other forms of entertainment. Southern hospitality as exemplified in St. Louis reaches its greatest perfection.

Fortunately no such effort at entertainment is expected of the city now. St. Louis is not in a holiday mood. The devastation wrought by the tornado has left her people very sober. But they would have been resentful if the Republican National Committee, from a false sentiment, had appointed some other meeting-place for the convention. The merchants of St. Louis bid for the convention as a commercial venture. They agreed to spend a large sum of money—approximating $100,000—and they have spent actually a larger sum to make the city ready to care for the convention and its horde of attendant visitors. To have taken the convention elsewhere would have left a very ugly feeling. No one in St. Louis closed his place of business because of the calamity. The business of the city went on as usual; and for that reason, perhaps, the people of the city were the better prepared to offer aid to the suffering.

The preparations for the reception of the delegates to the convention consist chiefly in the erection of the great convention Auditorium, about which there was so much anxiety throughout the country when the news of the tornado went abroad. The Auditorium was not injured seriously, and it was ready for occupancy two weeks in advance of the convention day. The Auditorium represents the greatest single expenditure for the convention. The committee which went to Washington to present the invitation of St. Louis to the national committee planned to prepare the north nave of the Exposition Building for the convention. It was used by the Democratic Convention of eight years ago, but it proved eminently unsatisfactory. The committee-men who visited St. Louis to examine the proposed hall declined to accept it, and the local committee was compelled to construct a temporary building on the plot of ground adjoining the new City Hall. This swelled the cost of this one item of the convention preparations from $30,000, the amount which was to have been spent in putting the Exposition Building in readiness, to $50,000, the sum needed to construct the Auditorium. There will be other conventions during the summer, but these would have been satisfied with the Exposition Building. The additional $20,000 was a burden which the convention committee had not counted on shouldering. For a time it was embarrassed by the failure of the city's merchants to come forward liberally with contributions to the convention fund. However, there is an individual guarantee which assures the expenses of the convention, and the committee expects to recover about $15,000 by the sale of some extra tickets to the convention which have been allotted to it by the national committee.

These tickets are to be sold for $40 each. There has been always more or less speculation in convention tickets, and the delegates to other conventions have been the chief salesmen. Prices have varied with the importance of the session and the mood of the bidder for the privilege. The official announcement of the St. Louis committee fixes a standard price for season tickets.

St. Louis has suffered from a species of dry-rot in the last quarter-century. The conservatism of her moneyed men for many years prevented the natural development of the business of the city, and strangers who knew of the great wealth of the place wondered at the tumble-down rickety buildings in the principal business streets, and at the dingy old dwellings in the residence quarter. It has taken a good deal of missionary work by the younger business men to arouse the old city from its lethargy, but that it has been aroused will be evident to the visitors who come to the convention.

The business of the city was centred for many years in the district below the brow of a hill which sloped down to the river-front. This condition grew out of the importance of the river to the city's trade. But with the decline of the river traffic the business section has moved west. Wholesale houses are more general on Third and Fourth streets. Broadway has become the chief highway of retail trade, with Olive Street, which cuts it at right angles, second in importance. Meantime the trolley-car and the cable-car have developed the west end as a residence section, and Grand Avenue, which a few years ago marked the western boundary of the populous district, is now the eastern line of the fashionable residence community. Forest Park, which was reached by a single line of steam-cars, running trains at long intervals, is now as easily accessible as Central Park, and the streets around it are as thickly settled as those of Harlem. The visitor who has not been to St. Louis since the convention of 1888 will see many changes in the city; the visitor who has not been there since Tilden was nominated, in 1876, will hardly know the city. The only section in which most of the old landmarks were left untouched was ravaged by the recent tornado.

Years ago, when St. Louis was the metropolis of the South, there was a "Planters' House," where the men who came up the river to purchase supplies for their plantations always staid. It was the most notable hotel in the West in its day, and Charles Dickens described it as one of the features of St. Louis. Before the spirit of progress took possession of St. Louis, a few years ago, the old Planters' House had fallen into decay. The Southern Hotel, which was the scene of a notable fire about fifteen years ago, and the Lindell Hotel, on Washington Avenue, were the only hotels of any great capacity left in the city; and they were not big enough to furnish headquarters to all the delegations to a great convention.

Now the Planters' House has been rebuilt, not so much as an investment as through the efforts of public-spirited men who saw the need of a new hotel. It is one of the finest and largest hotels in the West. The Southern continues (barring the Planters' House) to be the finest hotel between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains; and the St. Nicholas Hotel has been added to the list of large houses. The Lindell Hotel has been rebuilt in part, and the number of smaller hotels has increased so much that the visitors who found difficulty in securing rooms in 1888 would have had no trouble in finding hotel accommodations now if they had applied in time. But there is going to be no spare room. In Chicago recently I engaged a room for the Democratic Convention week at one of the great hotels at regular rates, and the proprietor told me the crowd would all be at St. Louis. You cannot get a room at any of the large hotels in St. Louis now, and those who engaged quarters early had to pay $8, $12, and even $20 a day for single rooms.

Fortunately for the city, the Eads Bridge has been cleared of the wreckage of the tornado, and the tracks at the terminals of the principal railroads in East St. Louis have been cleared so that they can accommodate the usual amount of through traffic. There are two bridges crossing the Mississippi, and the passenger business of the Eastern roads is divided between them. One route brings the traveller through a long, well-ventilated tunnel to a point near the site of the old Union Depot; the other takes him over an elevated road down the levee front to Poplar Street, half a mile south of the Eads Bridge, and then out through the Mill Creek Valley, past the old Depot, to the Union Station at Eighteenth Street and Clark Avenue. Here there is a wonderful switch-tower, from which one man controls all the switches and signals in the great yard and the station. Every incoming train runs past this switch-tower, and then backs into the station. There are four chief routes leading past the switch-tower to the "grand crossing," where they connect with the twenty platform tracks of the station. East of the switch-tower is a big yard used for the unloading of coal-cars, which will be given up to the storage of the trains which will be used as hotels by some of the delegations. There is another storage yard further west, so there will be plenty of room for all the cars, and the business of the station should be handled almost without interruption. The fact that the many special trains of convention week will come into the station at intervals through the day, instead of being concentrated in the morning and evening hours, as are the regular trains, will make the handling of them easier and more expeditious.

Under the system of the Terminal Company, which has control of the station and yards, the coming of a train is signalled from the bridges or from stations west of the switch tower, and the station officials are notified in advance of its coming, and of the position it will take in the train-sheds. When the train arrives, the baggage-men and other attendants are ready to take its passengers and baggage in hand and to dispose of them quickly.

In the station an enormous crowd can be accommodated. The great waiting-rooms, and the Midway, which extends along one end of the train-shed, can hold 20,000 people without much crowding. So there will be little difficulty in handling the crowds. At the entrance to the station are four lines of cars going to the hotel districts and to the Auditorium. They are all trolley-cars—St. Louis is gridironed with trolley lines. These lines were not injured seriously by the tornado, and all of them will be in perfect order by the time the convention assembles. Other lines run down town on parallel streets not far from the station.

The Auditorium is reached from the hotel district by half a dozen lines of trolley-cars. It is only a few squares from the Exposition Building, which will be the gathering-place of the McKinleyites from Ohio. It is diagonally opposite the building in which are located the criminal courts and the jail. Less than a quarter of a mile distant to the south is the beginning of the tornado path. The Auditorium is an oblong frame building of Georgia pine. It is substantial, but not ornate. It will accommodate nearly 13,000 people. There are galleries on the four sides. The delegates' seats are arranged in four sections, in straight lines, facing the platform of the presiding officer on the north. The seats of the alternates, on each side of the delegates' seats, face east and west. On three sides, rising from the space occupied by the delegates and alternates, are tiers of seats for ticket-holders, all numbered. On the fourth side is the platform of the chairman. On each side of the platform are the press seats, 400 in number, and behind the chairman will sit the distinguished guests. In the space under these seats is the telegraph-room, with accommodations for 200 operators. The space under the tiers on the other three sides is divided into committee and conference rooms. There are ample exits on the four sides, and the architect calculates that he can empty the hall in ten minutes. Electric lights will be ready for use after dark if there should be a late session.

It may gratify the people who are expecting to attend this convention to know that the weather this spring has been exceptionally cool, and that the people of St. Louis look back to June of last year as one of the pleasantest months in 1895. If these weather conditions are duplicated in 1896, the delegates and visitors to the convention will have every reason to be satisfied with St. Louis.

George Grantham Bain.

## THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The twenty-seventh quadrennial session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church concluded its labors, after sitting twenty-four days, May 28, at Cleveland. The conference will probably be remembered more for what was not done than for what was. A large number of difficult problems relative to the polity of the Church were presented for solution, and while all of them were duly considered and some of them solved, yet the majority of them were doomed to "die in committee."

The opening session, on May 1, was the scene of a struggle that will be regarded as historic. Four women were present as delegates, and after their names were called their presence as delegates was challenged. The project to admit women as delegates having failed to receive the constitutional two-thirds vote in the annual conferences, it was thought that the General Conference would attempt to seat the four women who had been elected delegates by a majority vote. The resolution challenging the eligibility of the women called for a committee on eligibility, to which the matter in dispute should be referred. That committee was appointed, and returned a majority and a minority report, the former in favor of seating the women, and the latter against. Then ensued a debate that involved nearly all the prominent men. Meanwhile three of the women delegates presented a paper to the conference waving all claims to their seats, and later the fourth made a similar offer. This was embarrassing to the champions of the women, but as it was done solely in the interests of peace, the general effect of the action was good. The outcome of the matter was, the women delegates were permitted to retain their seats, although their title thereto was in dispute, without prejudice and without establishing a precedent. The whole question of eligibility was then referred again to the annual conferences.

The reports of the Committee on Episcopacy were of great importance. The committee is made up mostly of the chairmen of the different annual conference delegations, and therefore includes the most prominent and able men in the Church. Its work is of a delicate nature. It reviews the administration and conduct of the bishops. It was considered probable that the committee would recommend the retirement of two of the regular bishops and of the missionary bishop for Africa. This was done, although it involved discussion on the conference floor that seemed to reflect upon the judgment and gentleness of the committee. As a matter of fact, the retirement of Bishops Bowman, Foster, and Taylor was done with the utmost kindness, and only because the committee was convinced that it was wise and in the direction of the greatest efficiency of the Church, as well as the greatest good of the three venerable servants of the Church themselves. Bishop Bowman, who is seventy-nine, retires, after serving the Church as bishop twenty-four years, as does Bishop Foster, who is seventy-six. Bishop Taylor has just passed seventy-five, and was elected bishop for Africa in 1884. He has had a remarkable career. He is a Virginian by birth. In 1849, when twenty-eight years old, he went as a missionary to California, being one of the original "Forty-niners." He has been a missionary in Canada, Australia, Europe, India, South America, Ceylon, and Africa.

The retirement of these three bishops induced the Committee on Episcopacy to recommend the election of four new bishops—three full bishops and one missionary bishop for Africa. The conference, however, was of a most conservative turn, and decided to elect three, one a missionary bishop for Africa. The balloting for the two full bishops was the most remarkable that has ever occurred in the history of the Church. It required a two-thirds vote to elect, and the contest continued through four days, and fifteen ballots were taken before the first man, Dr. Charles C. McCabe, of New York Conference, was chosen. His colleague, Dr. Earl Cranston, of Colorado Conference, was elected on the sixteenth ballot. The election of missionary bishop for Africa occurred toward the close of the session, after all the other elections had taken place, and Dr. Joseph C. Hartzell, of Louisiana Conference, was chosen on the second ballot. The report of the Committee on Episcopacy that in its judgment "the time has come when the General Conference may safely and wisely choose a bishop from among our 1700 ministers of African descent" not only opened the floodgates of eloquence among the colored delegates, but gave Professor J. W. E. Bowen, of Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, a lead for bishop on the first ballot. When the time came for the election of the missionary bishop for Africa it was thought that a colored man might be chosen; but while a white man was elected, a colored man, Dr. M. C. B. Mason, was chosen to fill the vacancy as one of the secretaries of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society caused by the elevation of Dr. Hartzell to the missionary episcopacy.

During the closing days of the conference a discussion arose as to the relation of the authority of missionary bishops to that of other bishops. The conference finally adopted a resolution declaring that a missionary bishop "is not subordinate to the general superintendents, but is co-ordinate with them in authority in the field to which he is appointed. In the practical application of this coordinate authority, when the general superintendents are making their assignments to the conferences any missionary bishop who may be in the United States shall sit with them when his field is under consideration; and arrangements shall be made so that, once at least, in every quadrennium every mission over which a missionary bishop has jurisdiction shall be administered conjointly by the general superintendent and the missionary bishop. In case of a difference of judgment the existing status shall continue, unless overruled by the general superintendents, who shall have power to decide finally."

In at least three important issues the conference decided to allow the matters in dispute to remain unchanged. A strong effort was made to alter the paragraph in the discipline which specifies certain forms of amusement in which the candidate for church membership promises not to indulge. The provision is hurtful to the Church in many ways, and is founded upon a wrong principle. The debate was a hot one, but the conference decided by an overwhelming vote not to make any change, notwithstanding the fact that the Committee on Judiciary reported the obnoxious paragraph as unconstitutional. A second instance in which no change was made was in the removal or extension of the pastoral time limit. In spite of all that has been said in favor of the extension of the term of pastoral service, and after one of the strongest debates of the conference, the present limit of five years stands, the conference declining even to allow elasticity in the application of the law to exceptional cases. The third item that passed the fire of debate without change was the constitution of the Church. The discussion of this matter was deferred until late in the session, when delegates were anxious to get away, and the pressure of emergency reports was increasing every hour. The conference decided to refer the constitution to a commission, which will report to the next General Conference. This constitutional commission is to be composed of three bishops, six ministers, and six laymen.

The elections began May 14. It took four days to elect the two bishops, but after that was out of the way the other officers were chosen more rapidly. The final result was as follows: bishops, Charles C. McCabe and Earl Cranston; missionary bishop for Africa, Joseph C. Hartzell; publishing agents at New York, Homer Eaton and George P. Mains; publishing agents at Cincinnati, Lewis Curts and Henry C. Jennings; corresponding secretaries of the missionary society, Adna B. Leonard, Abraham J. Palmer, and William T. Smith; corresponding secretaries of the Church Extension Society, Alpha J. Kynett and William A. Spencer; corresponding secretaries of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, John W. Hamilton and M. C. B. Mason; corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Tract Society, Jesse L. Hurlbut; corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, Charles H. Payne; editor of the *Methodist Review*, William V. Kelley; editor of the *Christian Advocate*, James M. Buckley; editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, David H. Moore; editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Arthur Edwards; editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, Jesse B. Young; editor of the Pittsburg *Christian Advocate*, Charles W. Smith; editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, Winfield S. Matthew; editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, J. E. C. Sawger; editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, Isaiah B. Scott; editor of *Der Christliche Apologete*, Albert J. Nast; editor of *Haus und Herd*, Franz L. Nagler; editor of the Epworth *Herald*, Joseph F. Berry. All these are ministers, and all the editors have been re-elected, with one exception.

The conference did a radical thing in adopting a resolution favoring the appointment of evangelists. Under the rule adopted a bishop may, on a two-thirds vote of an annual conference, appoint men as evangelists, who are to serve as such within the bounds of the conference. Pastors desiring to employ evangelists who are not connected with their particular conferences are required to secure the consent of their presiding elders to such arrangements. This provision will have a tendency to put the extinguisher upon many of the errant and unworthy evangelists who bring sacred things into disrepute by their sensational methods and their straining for notoriety.

A distinguishing feature of the conference was the series of popular patriotic lectures, which were delivered in the Central Armory to vast audiences. The first of the series was Chaplain McCabe's famous "Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." Dr. A. J. Palmer came next with his "Company D, the Die-no-mores." Ex-Governor McKinley delivered the third on "Washington," Bishop Fowler the fourth on "Lincoln," and Bishop Newman concluded the series with his lecture on "Grant."

The reception of fraternal greetings from other religious bodies was a delightful part of the conference programme. Two delegates spoke for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the conference, at their suggestion, decided to appoint a commission on fraternal relations to meet with a similar commission already appointed by the Church South to consider means by which the two great Churches may be brought into closer relations. Representatives were present from the British Wesleyan and the Irish conferences, from the Methodist Church of Canada, from the Methodist Protestant and Reformed Episcopal, and several other churches. Each fraternal delegate delivered an address in the evening, and was presented to the conference at its business session.

A controversy arose over the question of episcopal residences. Heretofore the bishops have chosen their places of residence from a list of cities decided upon by the General Conferences in the order of seniority of their election. This has been inconvenient, not to say distressing, for those bishops who have had their comfortable residences taken from them at the will of a senior bishop. The conference decided that while the choice shall continue to be in order of seniority, yet no bishop can be ousted from his residence. If he prefer to remain he may do so. The retirement of Bishop Bowman and Foster made a change of assignments of episcopal residences necessary. The plan as finally adopted is: Bishop Merrill (now senior bishop), Chicago; Bishop Andrews, New York; Bishop Warren, Denver; Bishop Foss, Philadelphia; Bishop Hurst, Washington; Bishop Ninde, Detroit; Bishop Walden, Cincinnati; Bishop Mallalieu, Boston; Bishop Fowler, Buffalo; Bishop Vincent, Topeka; Bishop Fitzgerald, St. Louis; Bishop Joyce, Minneapolis; Bishop Newman, San Francisco; Bishop Goodsell, Chattanooga; Bishop McCabe, Fort Worth; Bishop Cranston, Portland, Oregon.

The Rev. Joseph C. Hartzell, D.D., missionary bishop for Africa, has been a prominent man in the Church for a long time. He was born in Moline, Illinois, in 1842. He is an alumnus of Illinois Wesleyan University and of Garrett Biblical Institute. In 1870 he went South, and became pastor of Ames Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans. Later he founded and for several years was editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*. After serving for several years as assistant secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Church, he was elected full secretary in 1888. By each succeeding General Conference he has been re-elected to that position. He is thoroughly acquainted with the condition and the needs and the possibilities of the colored people of the South, having devoted himself to their interests for many years. There is probably no man in the Church better equipped for the office and work of missionary bishop of Africa. That this was the conviction of the General Conference is seen in the spontaneity with which the delegates cast their ballots for him. He is the fourth missionary bishop for Africa sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church, the others being Francis Burns, who was consecrated in 1858, John W. Roberts, consecrated in 1866, and William Taylor, consecrated in 1884. Bishops Burns and Roberts were colored men.

NOTE.—Brief sketches of Bishops McCabe and Cranston were given in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 30.

## JAPAN OF TO-DAY.

WHILE the attention of the American public is absorbed by the events passing in Cuba and South Africa, a storm, the magnitude of which is incalculable, is brewing in the far East. The Treaty of Shimonoseki did not end the troubles in the Orient; it was no more than the fall of the curtain after the first act in the drama, with the star rôle played by Japan. The Tenno's government is quietly but assiduously preparing for the second act; and the scene will open with other players, for the interests involved are too large to be decided by either Russia or Japan.

The fiasco of Japan's policy with regard to Korea is causing a silent but suppressed discontent among the ruling class. War was declared against China under the loudly proclaimed pretence that the independence of the peninsula was of vital moment to Japan, and must be maintained at all hazard. With Yuan as Chinese Resident in Seoul, Otori, the Japanese minister, had a voice in the direction of affairs, and made his voice heard to good effect. But since Mr. Waeber, the Russian minister, began the shrewdest diplomatic moves to checkmate his colleague of the Rising Sun, Japanese influence has disappeared; the hatred felt against Japanese arrogance has caused the invertebrate Koreans to wantonly murder Japanese settlers, and the proud cabinet of a proud nation is satisfied for the present to demand an indemnity where bloody revenge would have been exacted if the antagonist had been less powerful.

In the mean while strenuous preparations for the coming struggle continue uninterruptedly. The budget for the army is trebled, that of the navy quadrupled, and Russia decides to increase her naval force in the Pacific with the avowed object of neutralizing Japan's growing fleet. A new factory of quick-firing guns is working day and night, and Marquis Ito Hirobumi is quietly but anxiously watching the result of the embassy led by his old-time friend and fellow-clansman, Marquis Yamagata. The coronation ceremonies in Moscow will in all probability give the signal if it is to be war at once, or if the preparations shall be allowed to continue. But with Russia hurrying her trans-Siberian railroad, the chances are greatly in favor of a sudden outbreak after Yamagata's return; and if republican France continues her fervent friendship with autocratic Russia, England will be compelled in self-defence to join Japan, and the general war which we have been expecting for several years will commence in the Orient. Japan holds the key to the political situation, and her statesmen will not shrink from the responsibility if any advantage or glory for their beloved Dai-Nippon can be obtained.

The situation in Korea is growing more exasperating to the Japanese as time passes by. During the war the victors learned to look upon the peninsula as conquered territory, and large numbers of immigrants flocked into Chemulpo and Seoul, where they behaved in the free and easy manner of conquerors. But the tide has turned, and Japanese subjects hasten to return to the mother-country, all having greater or less claims for damages. Where isolated Japanese are found, they disappear mysteriously. Some divers were at work on the sunken war-ship *Ko-otsu* in Caroline Bay. Four of them were for a short time absent in Chemulpo; on their return they found that their comrades had been murdered and their dwellings burned; they themselves were attacked, and escaped with difficulty. This is one instance out of many reported in the native Japanese papers, and similar accounts of most regrettable frequency have a very irritating influence upon the Japanese public.

But the pro-Russian feeling prevails, or rather the hatred against the Japanese is so intense and deep-rooted that the Koreans would prefer Russian rule to independence under the patronage of Japan. A similar sentiment prevails among the Chinese mandarins. They despised the Japanese for their departure from time-honored customs, and the defeat in the late war has created a desire for revenge that would stop at no sacrifice to obtain the humiliation of Japan. Notwithstanding Russia's denials, the fact of a secret understanding between St. Petersburg and Peking may be taken for granted. Japan's existence is threatened, and it may be good policy to hasten an issue which becomes more serious as the trans-Siberian railroad approaches completion.

Those familiar with Japan are somewhat amused by the anxiety felt over a possible competition of Oriental labor with our industries. It must be conceded that Japanese factories have greatly interfered with our export trade to China in at least one staple. According to the consular report of Hon. T. R. Jernigan, United States Consul-General in Shanghai, the imports of American cotton goods fell from 39,000,000 pounds in 1894 to 29,000,000 pounds in 1895. But cotton-spinning is Japan's most prominent industry, and while it is safe to predict that the Chinese markets will before long be closed to our cottons and to those of Lancashire, there is not the least cause for alarm that Japanese manufacturers will enter our markets.

Why should they? With half of the population of the world within easy reach, the Japanese manufacturer is shrewd enough to confine himself to such articles as will find a ready market in China, India, the Philippine Islands, Java, and the Dutch colonies, and perhaps Australia. The Japanese, after he had taken a shower-bath of Occidentalism, is now busily engaged in wiping off every trace thereof, and is essentially an Oriental again. He has discovered that while he may without compromising himself introduce and maintain our improvements in steam and electricity, the home and political life of the Oriental are better suited to his taste, tradition, and nature, and this conviction causes the reaction and at the same time the progress so puzzling to the American or European. He has returned to the time-honored dress: the kimono (gown) and obi (belt) prevail on the street as well as in the brick government buildings of Tokyo. Rice and fish are the chief articles of diet among high and low; and the Japanese, if he thinks that he is understood, will carry on the conversation in his native tongue, even if he can express himself readily in English. "If we visit your country, we talk your language; when you come here you must converse in our tongue," said a prince of the blood. And at the same time the construction of railroads, both steam and electric, continues steadily. Gas and electric light have become common; the telephone is widely used in Tokyo, Yokohama, and other large cities. One might think that the sight of these inventions would impress the Japanese mind with an idea of the superiority of our civilization. This is not the case. If he does give the matter any thought, he is firmly persuaded that they originated in Dai-Nippon. Dr. Bradbury, of Virginia, a gentleman connected with the Methodist Episcopal Mission, entertained a Japanese friend with the photographs of American celebrities. When he came to the inventor of the telephone his visitor exclaimed, smiling and in the utmost good faith, "Oh yes, he is a Japanese!"

While the Japanese as an Oriental will manufacture to supply the markets of the Orient, there are more reasons why we need not fear his competition in our home markets. The Japanese mind is essentially imitative; inventive power there is little or none. It is true that he is artistic by nature, and, so far as art is concerned, he is able to build upon given lines. But the greatest safeguard is in the inborn trickery, fostered and improved by the compulsory cult of etiquette at the expense of truth and commercial honor.

Transient visitors or tourists see only the bright side of the Japanese character, and they take their impressions for facts. Descriptions of this sort have inflicted indescribable harm upon the Japanese, who, always prone to believe themselves of unapproachable superiority, have been stimulated and confirmed in this conceit. It cannot be denied that as a nation they are industrious, thrifty, patriotic, and polite. But as we disregard the cringing and fawning ceremonial so dear to the Japanese taste and heart, we are regarded by the people as barbarians, and the expression "To-jin" (foreign devil) is again becoming more common than it should be. Etiquette compels a Japanese to disregard the truth while addressing a superior, if such truth should prove unpalatable. "How many stations before I reach Nagoya?" asked Count Ito, the Premier, of a station-master while on his way from Shimonoseki to Tokyo. "One, your Excellency," replied the fellow, although he knew that there were four stops before the train would arrive at Nagoya. But the man saw that Ito was tired, and to his conviction the truth would have been impolite, and a direct falsehood was preferable, if not compulsory. "Uso da ne!" (That is a lie!) is merely an expression of incredulity, conveying not the least thought of an insult.

These peculiarities do not strike the tourist, but they are familiar to the foreign resident, and do not tend to facilitate commercial friendship or intercourse. When a Japanese merchant enters into a contract, he will keep it if it is to his immediate profit to do so; but if the slightest loss would result, he has no scruple to disregard promise or signature, and this well-established fact counts heavily against his entering as competitor to our manufacturers.

This fear of Japanese competition is, however, not confined to this continent. At a meeting of the Chamber of Manufacturers of Sydney, Australia, lamentations were heard as to the probable fate of the boot trade, owing to large importations from Japan. When the matter was sifted to the bottom, it appeared that one of the leading importers of Japanese goods had a pair of shoes made for him in Japan, of which he was rather proud. He had a way of pointing to them and threatening to "knock the local people out," which was taken seriously, until the pair became magnified into a shipment. The whole story is ridiculous. There is no stock-raising in Japan, and since army and navy wear an Occidental uniform, there is not enough leather to provide shoes for soldiers and sailors. But even if these articles were manufactured for export, the Philippine Islands, the Dutch colonies, and Australia would be the first markets entered.

There is a large influx of Americans in Japan; in fact, it may be said that the export trade of that country is absorbed by our people. They are principally, if not wholly, New York firms who have shown commendable enterprise. Prominent among the exporters of silks, rugs, mattings, porcelain, and lacquer are A. A. Vantine & Co., E. T. Mason & Co., the American Trading Co., Frazar & Co., the China & Japan Trading Co., Delecamp & Co., Isaacs Brothers, the Japanese Fan Co., Tuska & Co., and others. Most of these firms have their own brick offices and warehouses. A number of our tea merchants buy on the spot, and fire their teas in their own fire-proof godowns (warehouses). Carter Macy & Co. have their own buildings in Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hankow, and Amoy. The Standard Oil Company is represented in all the open ports, and owns very valuable property.

It is evident from this that a very large amount of American capital is invested in Japan, and, under the existing treaties, there is no doubt as to its safety. Another and an exceedingly serious question is how it will be after July 16, 1899, when the new treaty goes into effect, and the great safeguard to American life and property, the exterritorial clause of the present treaty, is abolished. It is all very well to praise the progress of Japan, but it is only two decades since the writer saw torture applied in a case of petty larceny in the saibansho (court) of Osaka. It is not encouraging to our residents that every Diet feels called upon to tinker at the existing codes; nor is it satisfactory to know that the cabinet itself is compelled to advocate amendments whereby old Japanese customs and usages are drafted on what was originally intended to be a mixture of French and German law. Marquis Ito himself, on the 16th of March last, made a speech in favor of the bill which passed the House of Representatives, but not without considerable discussion. The "Yamato Damashii" (the Spirit of Old Japan) is rampant, and "Japan for the Japanese" is no idle catchpenny, but a slogan felt by every son of Dai-Nippon, who is very likely to exaggerate this feeling into hatred for the foreigner.

It is well, then, to issue a word of warning against indiscriminate investments in Japan. It is necessary to observe that the only safe title to realty is in the few square rods known as the Foreign Concessions in the open ports—*viz.*, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, Nagasaki, Niigata, and Hakodate; that until the new treaty goes into effect no foreigner can hold shares in any Japanese enterprise; and that the opportunity to introduce our manufactures into Japan is exceedingly precarious. It is true that there is a deep-seated dislike against the English, and that, on the part of the government at least, there is a very friendly feeling toward the United States. But this sentiment has no effect whatever upon the American entering Japan for commercial purposes, and thus far the import trade of Japan is held almost entirely by English and German firms. A notable exception is that of the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. That firm despatched a plain, unassuming, but thoroughly capable gentleman to Japan, and Captain Crawford succeeded in demonstrating the superiority of our engines so palpably that up to this time about one hundred American locomotives are employed on the railroads of Japan. It is to be regretted that none of our ship-yards were favored with the construction of some of the new battle-ships ordered in London; but the mission of General George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C., on behalf of the Cramps of Philadelphia, as well as that of Irving B. Scott, of the Union Iron-Works of San Francisco, California, has been unproductive. R. VAN BERGEN.

## THE MESSAGE IN THE SAND.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

STRANGER, you furriners don't nuver seem to consider that a woman has always got the devil to fight in two people at once! Hit's two agin' one, I tell ye, an' hit hain't fa'r.

That's what I said more'n two year ago, when Rosie Branham was a-layin' up thar at Dave Hall's, white an' mos' dead. An', *God*, boys, I says, that leetle thing in thar by her shorely can't be to blame.

Thar hain't been a word agin' Rosie sence; an,' stranger, I reckon thar nuver will be. Fer, while the gal hain't got hide o' kith or kin, thar air two fellers up hyeh sorter lookin' atter Rosie; an' one of 'em is the shootin'es' man on this crick, I reckon, 'cept one; an', stranger, that's t'other.

Rosie kep' her mouth shet fer a long while; an' I reckon as how the feller 'lowed she wasn't goin' to tell. Co'se the woman folks got hit out'n her—they al'ays gits whut they want, as you know—'n' thar the sorry cuss was a-livin' up thar in the Bend, jes aroun' that bluff o' lorrel yander, a-lookin' pious, 'n' a-singin', 'n' a-sayin' Amen louder 'n anybody when thar was meetin'.

Well, my boy Jim an' a lot o' fellers jes went up fer him right away. I don't know as the boys would 'a' killed him *exactly* ef they had kotched him, though they mought; but they got Abe Shivers, as tol' the feller they was a-comin'—you've heard tell o' Abe—an' they mos' beat Abraham Shivers to death. Stranger, the sorry cuss was Dave. Rosie hadn't no daddy an' no mammy; an' she was jes a-workin' at Dave's fer her victuals 'n' clo'es. 'Pears like the pore gal was jes tricked into evil. Looked like she was sorter 'witched—'n' anyways, stranger, she was a-fightin' Satan in *herself*, as well as in Dave. Hit was two agin' one, an' hit wasn't fa'r.

Co'se they turned Rosie right out in the road. I hain't got a word to say agin' Dave's wife fer that; 'n' atter a while the boys lets Dave come back, to take keer o' his ole mammy, of co'se, but I tell ye Dave's a-playin' a purty lonesome tune. He keeps purty shy *yit*. He don't nuver sa'nter down this way. 'Pears like he don't seem to think hit's healthy fer him down hyeh, 'n' I reckon Dave's right.

Rosie? Oh, well, I sorter tuk Rosie in myself. Yes, she's been livin' thar in the shack with me 'n' my boy Jim, an' the— Why, thar he is now, stranger. That's him a-wallerin' out thar in the road. Do you reckon thar'd be a single thing agin' that leetle cuss ef he had to stan' up on Jedgement day jus' as he is now?

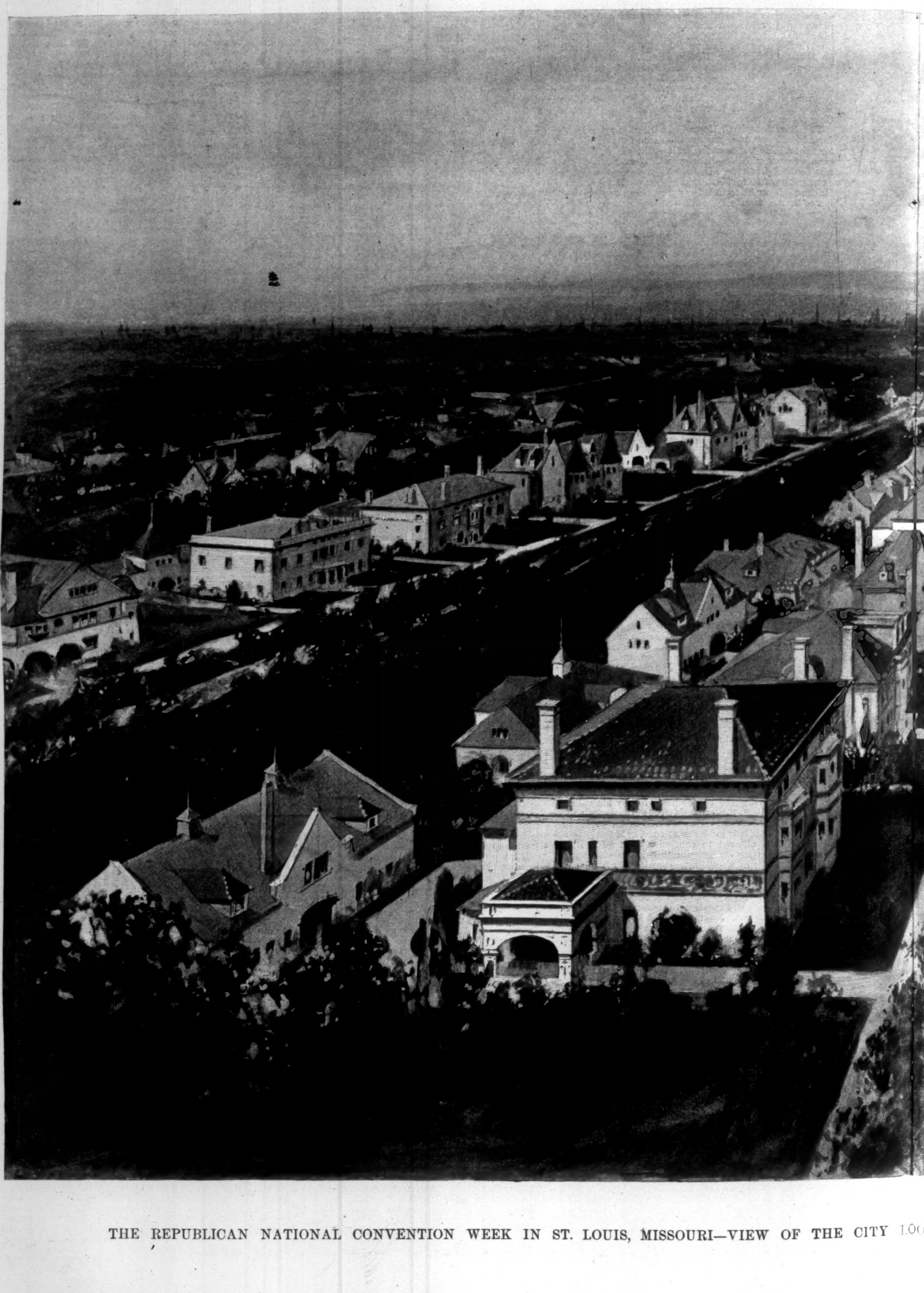
Look hyeh, stranger, whut you reckon the Lawd kep' a-writin' thar on the groun' that day when them fellers was a-pesterin' him 'bout that pore woman. Don't you jes know he was a-writin' 'bout sech as *him*—an' Rosie? I tell ye, brother, he writ thar jes what I'm al'ays a-sayin'.

Hit hain't the woman's fault. I said it more'n two year ago, when Rosie was up thar at ole Dave's, 'n' I said it yestiddy, when my boy Jim come to me 'n' 'lowed as how he aimed to take Rosie down to town to-day an' git married.

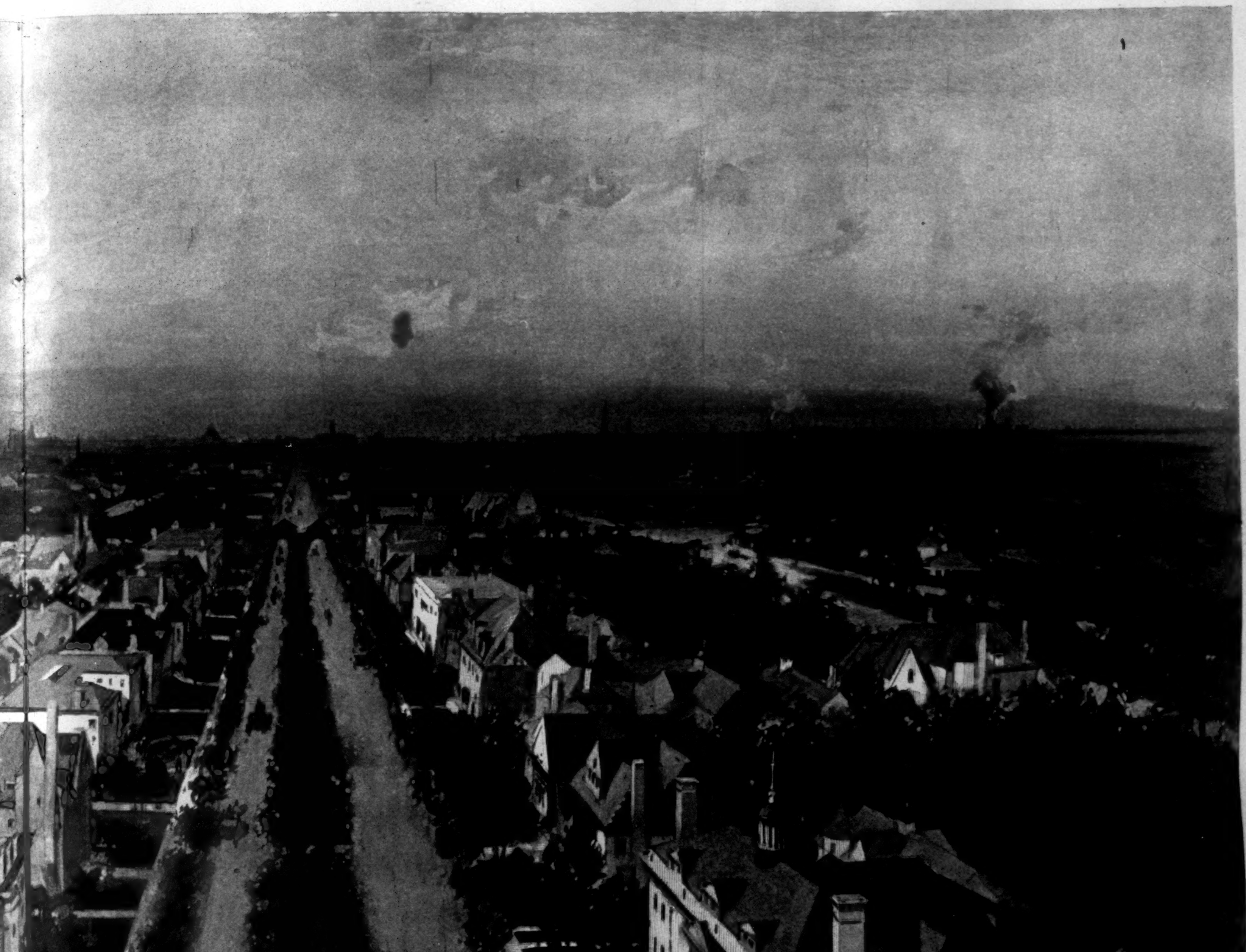
"You ricollect, dad," says Jim, "her mammy?"

"Yes, Jim," I says; "all the better reason not to be too hard on Rosie."

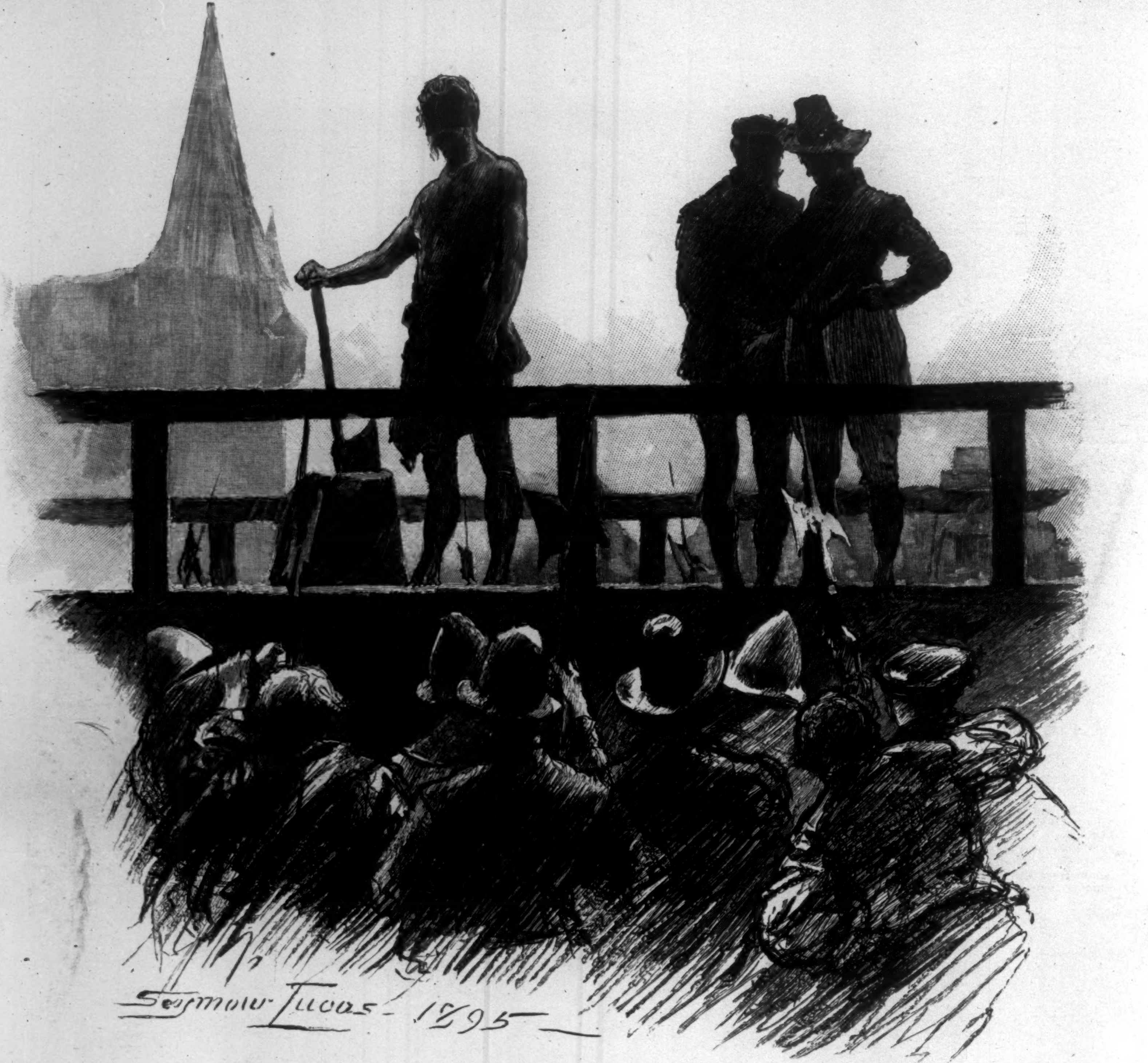
I'm a-lookin' fer 'em both back right now, stranger; an' ef you will, I'll be mighty glad to have ye stay right hyeh to the infair this very night. Thar nuver was a word agin' Rosie afore, thar hain't been sence, 'n' you kin ride up 'n' down this river till the crack o' doom 'n' you'll nuver hear a word agin' her agin. Fer, as I tol' you, my boy Jim is the shootin'es' man on this crick, I reckon, 'cept *one*, an', stranger, that's *me*.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION WEEK IN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI—VIEW OF THE CITY



LOOKING EAST, WESTMORELAND PLACE AND PORTLAND PLACE.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 609.]



# THE GRAY MAN.*

### BY S. R. CROCKETT.

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THE GREAT DAY OF TRIAL.

AT last, however, the trial was set, and we were all summoned for our evidence. It was to be in the High Court of Justiciary, and was a right solemn thing. A hot day in midsummer, with the narrow, overcrowded bounds of the town drowsed with heat, and yet eaten up with a plague of flies. The room of the trial was a large one, with a dais for the judges at the end, the boxes for the prisoners, and a tall stool, with steps, and a bar on which to rest the hands, for the witnesses.

And in the long, low, oak-gilt room what a crush of people! For the report of the monstrous dealing of the Kennedys and the strangeness of their crimes had caused a mighty coil in the town of Edinburgh and in the country roundabout. So that all the time of the trial there was a constant hum about the doors—now a continuous murmur that came within, and now a louder roar as the doors were opened and shut by the officers of the court. For, in order to be busybodies, they went and came every minute or two, pushing right and left with their halberds, which the folk had very peaceably to abide as best they might.

And the disposition of the rabble of the city was a marvel to me. For, being stirred up by the Bargany folk and by the Earl of Dunbar, the Muir's well-wisher, it was very unfriendly to us. So that we were almost feared that the criminals might, after all, be let off by the overawing of the assize that sat upon the case. But, as it happened, those who were chosen assize men were mostly landward gentlemen of stout hearts and no subjection to the clamor of the vulgar—such, indeed, as should ever be placed upon the bearing of justice, and not bodies of the Luckenbooths, who, if they give the verdict against the popular voice, are liable to have their shops and stalls plundered. And James Scrymgeour of Dudhope, a good man, was made the chancellor of the jury.

There were many of the great Lords of Session there. For a case so important and notable had not been tried for years, and the Lords of Secret Council appointed my Lord President to be upon the bench in his robes, as well as five other justices in his company, that the dittay might be heard with all equal mind and with great motion of solemnity.

It was eleven by the clock when the judges came in, Sir John Fenton of Fentonbarns coming first and sitting in the chief place.

Then the crier of the court shouted, "Way for his Majesty—for King James the Sext make way!"

And all the people rose up while King James was coming in. He sat upon the bench with the justices, indeed, but a little way apart, as having by law no share in their deliberations. But he was all the time writing and passing pieces of white paper to them, whereat they bowed courteously back to him. But whether they took any notice of their import I know not.

Then the prisoners were brought in. John Muir the Elder, with his gray hair and commanding presence, looked out from beneath his eyebrows like a lion ignominiously beset. James Muir the Younger came after his father, a heavy, loutish, ignorant man, but paled with the bloody handling at the hands of the Lords of Secret Council. But in accordance with the promise of Earl John in the matter of the finding of the cave, James Bannatyne of Chapeldonnan was not set up along with them, which was a wonder and an outcry to many.

Then, the court being set, the dittay was read solemnly by a very fair-spoken and courteous gentleman, Thomas Hamilton of Byres, the King's Advocate. He spoke in a soft voice, as if he were courting a lady. And whenever he addressed a word to the prisoners it was as if he had been their dearest friend, and grieved that they should thus stand in jeopardy of their lives.

Yet, or as it seemed to me, John Muir was ever his match, and answered him without a moment's hesitancy.

Then, after the Advocate's opening, the evidence was led. They called upon me first to arise. And I declare that my knees trembled and shook as they never did before the shock of battle. So that only the sight of Nell's pale face and my mother holding her hand at all gave me courage. But, nevertheless, I went, with my tall blue-banded hat in my hand and my sword clashing, to my stance, and there told all that I had seen—first of the murder at the Chapel of St. Leonard's, with the matter of the Gray Man who sat his horse a little way apart among the sand hills. Yet could I not declare on my oath that I knew of a certainty that this man was the accused John Muir of Auchendrayne. Though as between man and man I was wholly assured of it.

I told also of the sending of the letter and of the confusion of the lad upon his return from the house of Auchendrayne, and of all the other matters which came under my observation, even as I have detailed them in this history, but more briefly. Then a tall, thin, leathery man, Sir John Russell, advocate for the Muirs, stood up and tried to shake me in my averments. But he could not—no, nor any other man. For I wasted no thought on what I ought to say, but out with the plain truth. So that he could not break down the impregnable wall of the things that were, neither make me say that which was not.

Then there came the Dominie, Bessie Dalrymple, Robert Harburgh, and lastly my Nell. But they had little more to tell than I had told at the first, till the crier of the court cried out for Marjorie Muir, or Kennedy, called in the pleas the younger lady of Auchendrayne.

Then, pale as a lily is pale, clad in white, and with her hair smoothly braided, she rose and gave her hand to my Lord Cassillis, who brought her to the witness-stance. So firmly she stood within it, she seemed a figure of some goddess done in alabaster, the like of which I had once seen at the entering in of the King's palace at Holyrood House.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

There was the stillest silence while Marjorie told her tale. The King stood up with his hat on his head to look at her. The judges gazed as though they had seen a ghost. In an even voice she related the terrible story, making it clear as crystal till there stood out the full wickedness of the unparalleled murders.

"You are the wife of James Muir, the younger prisoner," said the advocate Russell, "how then do you appear to give evidence against him?"

"I was first the daughter of Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, whom these men slew!" said she.

And this was her answer. The lawyers for the defence, as was their duty, tried to make it out that her evidence was prejudiced, and to shake it. But the King broke out upon them, "No more than we are all prejudiced against foul murder!"

So they were silenced. But the judges were manifestly ill at ease and shifted in their seats, for the King had not liberty of speech in that place. Yet no man said him nay, because he was the King, and it was not many that cared to brook his sudden violent rages.

Then was entered James Bannatyne, who had been brought to confession (in what fashion it boots not to inquire), and he in his turn detailed, line by line, all the iniquity. So that it seemed that now the net was indeed woven about the cruel plotters. But my Lord President was instant with the prisoners to confess the murdering of Sir Thomas and the other—yea, even offering his life (but no more) to either of them that would reveal the matter and tell who were complices in the conspiracy.

And I think James Muir the Younger was a little moved at this offer, for I saw him very plainly move and shift the hand that was upon his heart. His father watched him with a sharp eye, and once set his manacled hand upon his son's shoulder as it had been to encourage him. He had stood erect and undaunted all the time of the trial, like a tower of ancient strength, while his son had sat upon a stool with his back against the bars of the box, as it seemed careless of the things that were said. He had not even lifted his eyes when his wife Marjorie went into the place of witnessing.

At last it was all over, and the jury spoke earnestly together, while John Muir watched them with his lionlike eyes shining from the midst of his hassock of gray hair. The King sat impatiently drumming his hands upon a rail. He had liked, I could see, to go over to confer with them. But as yet even King Jamie had hardly dared that.

After a short space for consultation their president of assize, Sir James Scrymgeour, stood up in the body of the court with a little paper in his hand.

"King's lieges all, are ye agreed in your verdict?" asked my Lord President.

"We are," said Sir James, firmly.

"And what is your finding?"

There was a great and mighty silence, so that the tapping of the King's fingers on the wooden bench could be heard.

"We find them guilty,—" said Sir James.

He had said more in due form, but there was a great shout from all the Westland folk that were in the hall, so that no more could be heard. Only the King was seen upon his feet commanding silence, and the macers of the court, striking here and there among them that shouted.

Then when the tumult within was a little hushed, my Lord President rose to pronounce sentence. But he had scarce opened his mouth when there came through the open windows the angry roaring of the mob without. For the news had reached them, and Dunbar and others were busily employed stirring them up to make a tumult. My Lord President had a noble voice, and the words of condemnation came clear and solemn from him, so that they were heard by every ear in the hall—ay, and even as far as the outer port.

"We discern and adjudge John Muir of Auchendrayne and James Muir his son and apparent heir to be ta'en to the mercat cross of Edinburgh, and there their heads to be stricken from their bodies—as culpable and convict of the said treasonable crimes. Which is pronounced for Doom!"

And when the officers had removed the prisoners, Marjorie Kennedy walked forth silently and composed as though she had come out of the kirk on a still summer's morning with her Bible in her hand.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE LAST OF THE GRAY MAN OF AUCHENDRAYNE.

It was the morn of the execution. Justice, delayed for long, was that day to let fall its sword. We of the Cassillis colors mustered in the dead of the night. For there was no force save the city guard within the walls. And we had overly many proofs how little these men could do with unruly commons of Edinburgh if it pleased them to be turbulent. So it had come to be bruited abroad that there was an intent to prevent the execution and deliver the murderers out of the hands of justice.

But we were resolved that this should not be. So we armed us to support the right and to keep the King's peace against riotous law-breakers.

The Earl gave me the command of one half of the band, reserving the other for himself. And already he called me Sir Launcelot, though I had not yet received the acknowledgment from the King.

At the break of day it was to be done. Of this we had private notice from the turnkey of the Tolbooth.

I had worked earnestly upon my mother and Nell that they should abide from the business—which was not for womankind to see. Though I knew that there would be many there, ay, even dames gentle of degree. But my father came with me.

"Shall I put my harness off me," said he, "when there is a chance of a tumult and of the defeating of the solemn justice of Providence and of King James? God forbid! Wife, help me on with my jack."

So I placed my father in my command, and I set him in the second, with Hugh of Kirriemore beside him and Robert Harburgh in front of him, where I judged he would not come to any great harm. And we Kennedys had the King's private permission thus to come through the town under arms. When we arrived the tall scaffold had been set up at the cross, and when we arrayed us first about it, many a candle had begun to wink here and there in the tall windows of the High Street.

The Earl was to command the strong guard from the prison port to the scaffold, lest the rabble should try to overwhelm the city guard and the marshal's men as they conveyed the prisoners to the place of execution.

Thus we stood grimly to our arms a long time after the gloaming of the morning began. The hum of the folk gathering came to us. There was little pleasance or laughing, as there is at an ordinary heading or hanging. And that did not betoken good. For when the populace is silent, it is plotting. That I had learned in my long service and afterwards as a knight-at-arms. Therefore I hold it the true wisdom to strike ere the many-headed can bite. That, at least, is my thought of it.

Slowly and slowly three or four dark figures on the scaffold came clearer to our eyes, till we could see the headsman and his assistants waiting patiently for their work to be brought to them. The chief of these was a mighty man of his arms. He had a black mask upon his face, and was naked even to the waist. A leathern apron like a smith's was done about his loins, and he stood leaning his broad axe upon the block. The sun was just beginning to redden the clouds in the east when the door of the Tolbooth fell open with a loud noise. At the very same moment the rooks and jackdaws arose in a perfect cloud from the pinnacles of St. Giles as well as from the whole city. And in a black changing cloud they drifted seaward. Which was looked upon as a marvel by them that watched for freits. For they said, "These be John Muir's devils that have forsaken him." And, indeed, whether there be aught in it or no, certain is it that the birds came not back for many days. At least, to my seeing, but I was much occupied with other matters.

As the procession came out, the Earl John and his men filed on either side, with the axe-men of the guard marching close about the prisoners. John Muir came first, in his gray cloak, but bareheaded, striding reverend and strong before all. Behind came his son. And hand in hand with him (marvel of marvels!) was she that had been in name his wife, even Marjorie Kennedy. And as they came, the light grew clearer. There was almost a smile upon the Lady Marjorie's face. And James Muir listened intently as she spoke low to him.

For Marjorie had become (as it seemed) in these days a woman removed from us, supported by no earthly food. For none touched her lips, being upheld by some power from above, as I think. She had received permission from the King to be with her husband in his last hours.

"I have fulfilled the Lord's justice, for my duty was laid upon me," she said; "but I would not kill body and soul."

How she did it I know not. But certain it is that she had won James Muir in some sort to contrition and prayer. And now, with his hand in hers, they followed along the short way to the scaffold foot. But John Muir strode scornfully on before, heedful neither of man nor woman. And I swear that I could not but in some measure admire at him, very devil of cruelty as he was.

They climbed the scaffold — John Muir calmly, as though he were leading a lady to a banquet table. But his son faltered and would have fallen save for the hand of Marjorie, who walked in white by his side, accompanying him to his end.

"I am his wife," she said. "It was I who brought him to this. Ye will not twain me from him on this day of shame. Never have I owned James Muir as my husband before, but I own him now." This she said when the captain of the guard was instant with her to depart home.

And I declare that the doomed man looked at her with something like gratitude in his eyes, which, when you think on it, is a thing marvellous enough. And I ask not that it shall be believed. Yet I saw it, and will uphold it with my sword if need be.

At last they were upon the scaffold platform, and the headsman made ready. Then there sounded above the mingled roar of the multitude the blowing of a trumpet. And the King's favorite, the Duke of Lennox, rode to the foot of the stage. He had a paper in his hand.

"A pardon! A pardon!" yelled the people.

My heart gave a great leap and stood still.

"They never dare!" cried I. "Lads, stand firm. If the King hath pardoned them, shall we of the West? Will ye follow me, lads?"

And they whispered back: "Ay, that we will. We will back you to do justice upon them. The Muirs shall never leave this place alive, though we all die also. We shall not go back to Carrick shamed by these men's lives."

So we arranged it, if by any chance there was news of a pardon. For it was by good help that we were the only company under arms in the city, save the few men of the guard.

But when Lennox was on his way to the scaffold we heard other of it. I was almost underneath the staging upon the front, and heard that which was said, almost every word.

"The King to you two traitors about to die," he read. "His Majesty desires greatly to be informed of the certainty of these things whereof you have been accused, and for which you have been justly condemned—the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy, the matter of the bloody dagger thrown at the Red House, the Treasure of Kelwood, and its taking out of the Change House on the Red Moss. His Majesty the King offers life and his clemency in a perpetual exile upon some warded isle to the first of you that will reveal the whole matter."

The King's favorite ceased his reading, and looked at the condemned men.

And John Muir, in his plain gray cloak, looked askance at Lennox, who shone like a butterfly in gay colors and was tricked out in the fitful extravagances of fashion.

"We shall be grateful to his Majesty all our lives," said he. "But he is so wise that he can easily certify himself of the truth of these things without our poor help."

But James Muir the Younger, where he stood with his wife by his side, seemed a little struck with the message, and began to listen.

"Read that again," he said to Lennox, abruptly.

And Lennox, prinking and preening him like a gay-feathered Indian bird in my lady's bower, read the charge over again.

John Muir watched his son with the eye of a crouching wild-cat. The younger man was about to utter something when his father said to Lennox: "I pray thee, my Lord Duke, may I speak with you a moment apart? I am the first to offer!"

And with that they came both of them to the side of the scaffold where I was on guard, leaving James Muir standing with drooping head by the block.

"Hark ye, my Lord," said Auchendrayne the Elder, "thy master's terms are fair to be offered to a dying man on the scaffold. I will take them. But on condition that my son be executed before I accept. For there are but two of us left, and we have been close to one another all our lives. I would not, therefore, have him think that I, being an old man, for the sake of a year or two of longer life, would reveal those matters for which he has suffered the question with so great constancy in the King's inquest chamber and before the Lords of Secret Council."

"That is easily arranged," said Lennox, dusting at his doublet. "I have but to give the word to the executioner, and he will do his duty first upon your son. Then he will halt till you have accepted the King's mercy and given pledge and earnest of full revelations concerning these hidden and mysterious matters."

This was Lennox's customary manner of speaking—as he had learned in the English court, with women's conceits and a flood of words and gestures. And as he spoke he smiled upon John Muir, as though the old gray man in the cloak and reverend beard had been some young and easy-virtued dame of the court.

And so taken up with himself was he that he did not see the basilisk look which the old conspirator turned upon him.

He held up his hand to the executioner.

"In the King's name," he cried to the man in the mask, "do thine office upon the younger first, and speedily."

"These are not my orders!" said he in the mask, curtly.

Lennox flashed a little ebon staff, with a golden crown set upon the summit, before his eyes.

"Wouldst thou argie-bargie with me?" he said; "then eftsoones another shall take thy bishopric and (as thou dost others) shepherd thee to Hades."

Whereat Marjorie, robed in her clear-shining white, took the hand of James Muir, the man that was about to die.

"Husband," said she, calmly, "I have asked pardon for thee from God—do thou also ask it now, ere swift death take thee. Ask it both from God and man."

For she had been his ministrant in the prison. And her own heart being changed—vengeance in the drinking not seeming so sweet a cup as it had appeared in the conceiving—she had also won the sullen mechanic heart of him, who, according to the law of the land, had been so long her husband. She had showed the way to faith, penitence, and hope. Which, perchance, he snatched at, not for themselves, but as the best things which were left to him.

"James, win thou forth on thy way. Fear not! Thou shalt not be alone," she said to him.

And, staggering, he moved across the scaffold. He would have fallen but that Marjorie set his hand upon her shoulder and put her arm about him. So he came forward like a man in sore sickness, as doubtless he was.

"I am a sinful man," he said, so that some at least could hear him. "Pray for me, good people. Keep your hands from blood, as I have not kept mine. And, Marjorie, though thou didst never love me, love me now, and bide with me till I die."

"Fear not," she said; "I will stand beside thee, and not alone here. I have a message that I may journey with thee further, meeting thee somewhere by the way that thou must go."

And calling him again "sweet brother" and "James," she laid his head upon the block, and with one blow the headsman featly did his office. But Marjorie stood still and received the poor head after the masked man had held it up.

John Muir looked at her and at his son all the time, and an evil and contemptuous light shone in his eyes.

"Madam," he said, "it had done no harm had you begun your care and attendance somewhat earlier. Ye might have made a decent preacher out of James. He was never muckle worth for aught else."

Then Lennox came forward again with his paper.

"Now, John Muir," he said, "we have done your will. Ye will now, I doubt not, having seen the end and reward of iniquity, take his Majesty's marvellous clemency and reveal all the matter."

He came a little nearer to the old man, airily whisking his paper with his forefinger.

John Muir waved him aside with one hand, and held his nose with the other.

"Pah! Get apart from me, civet-cat!" he cried. "Think ye that I will have any dealings with you or with your dullard fool master, King Baggy-breeches. I saw that ye might, perchance, were I turned to dead clay and lappered blood, get something out of James there. I saw him look somewhat too eagerly on your reprieve, for much domesticity had turned him soft. So I played with you. And now, wot ye well, ye shall know nothing that your precious Solomon of asses cannot divine to you!"

He took off his cloak of gray and lace collar, baring his neck for the dead stroke.

"Stay," he said to Lennox, "since your great King is so curious. Here is a history of divers matters that may interest your King. It may do him some good."

The new minister of Edinburgh, a soft-spoken, King-fearing man, came near. John Muir looked at him.

"Of what religion art thou?" he asked. "Ay, verily of the King's religion. Were my time not so circumscribed I would have at thee with texts, thou time-serving rogue. Ay, and would swinge thee with them soundly, too."

"In what religion dost thou die?" said the minister. For it was a customary question in those days, when men were forced to live on the border-land of many persuasions.

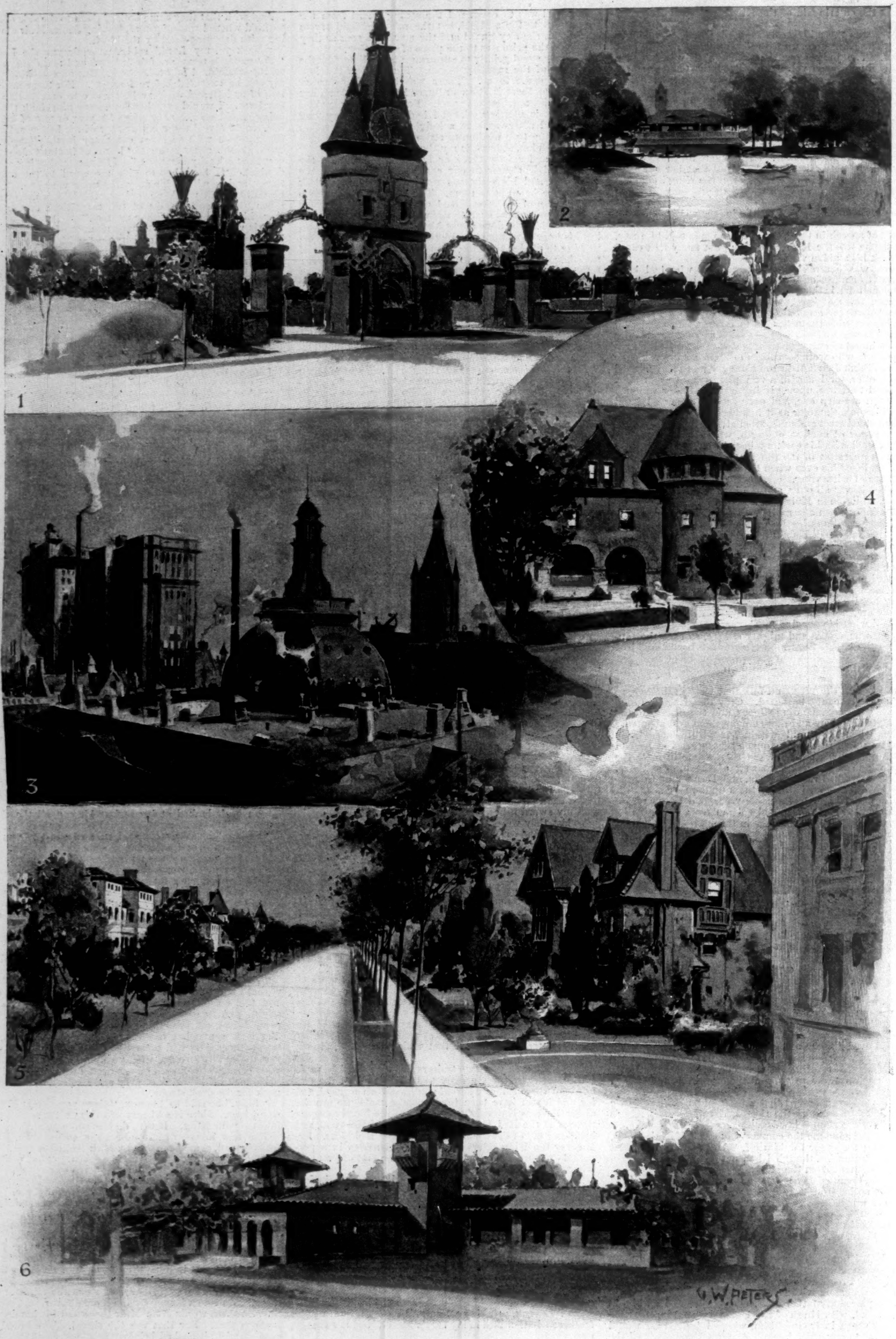
John Muir smiled as he bent his head to the block.

"Of the ancientest persuasion," said he, "for I am ready to believe in any god that I chance to meet in my pilgriming. But in none till I meet him. Yet do thou, like a wise bishop, stick to the King and thy printed book!"

Which saying was remembered when the minister was afterward made a bishop by the King's favor.

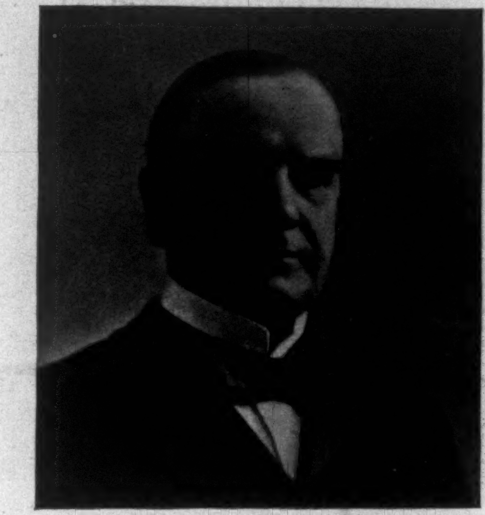
With these words John Muir threw out his hands with a sharp jerk. For that was the signal. The broad axe rose and fell, it flashed brightly in the sun a moment ere it crashed dully upon the block. The Westland men gave a shout, and the heathen soul of John Muir of Auchendrayne, carrying such a load of sin as never soul did before or since, fared forth to its own place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

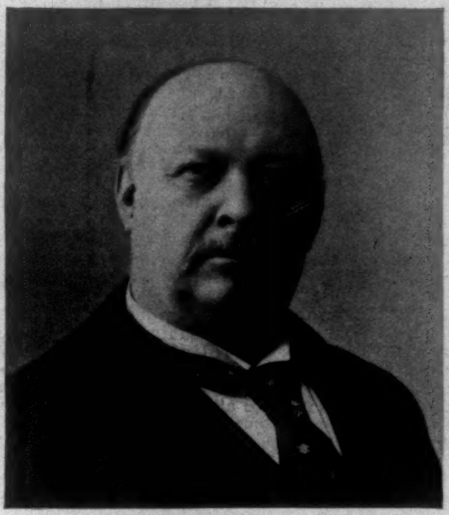


THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION WEEK IN ST. LOUIS—SCENES IN THE CITY.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 609.]

1. West Bell Place. 2. Forest Park Lake. 3. (From left to right) Union Trust Building, Chemical Building, Post-office, and Masonic Temple. 4. Residence of Colonel Samuel Kennard (one of St. Louis's most prominent Citizens). 5. Westmoreland Place. 6. Entrance to Forest Park.



WILLIAM McKINLEY.
Copyright, 1896, by John H. Ryder, Cleveland.



SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED.
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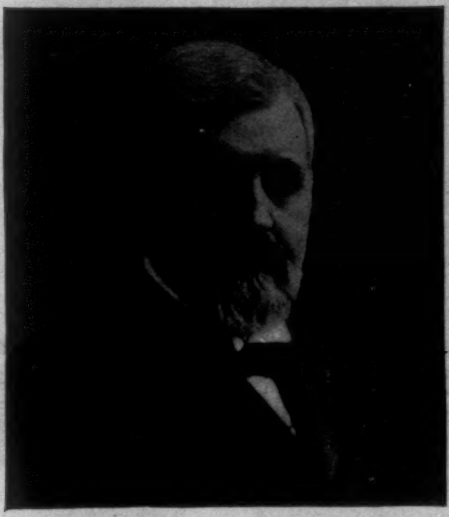
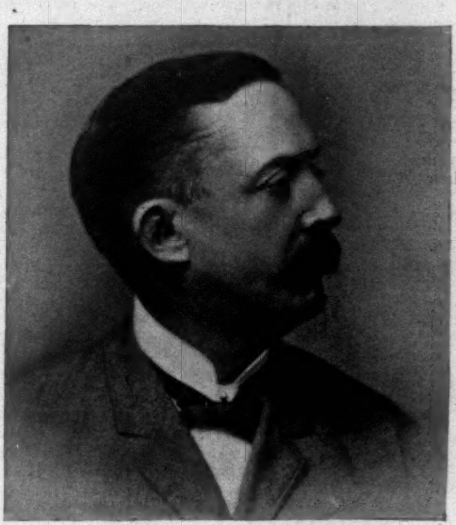
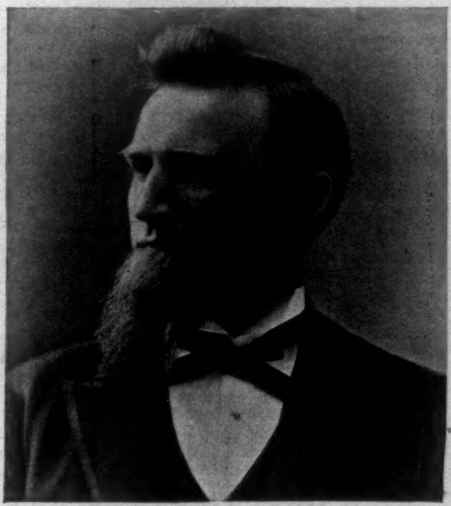


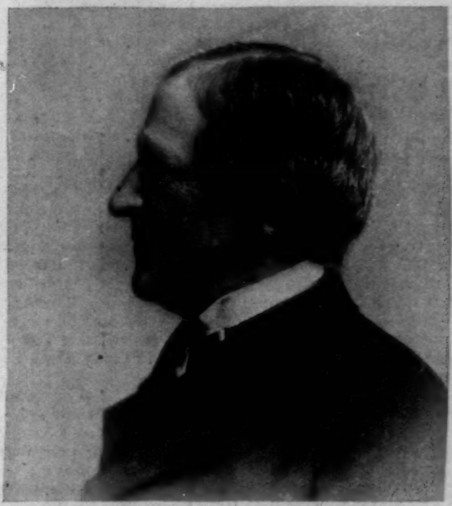
SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON.
Photograph by Prince, Washington.



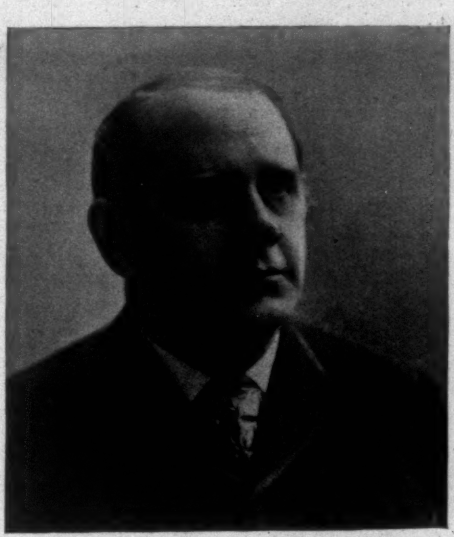
SENATOR MATTHEW S. QUAY.



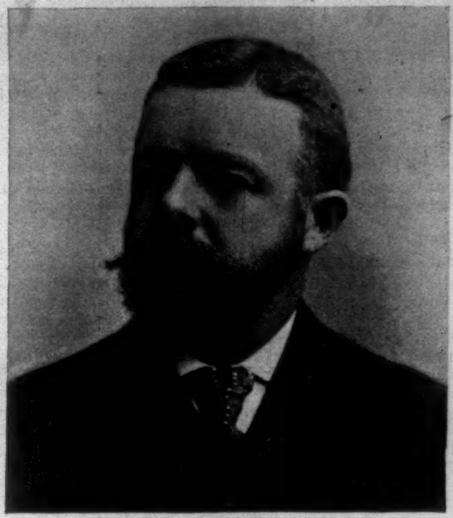
SENATOR THOMAS H. CARTER.



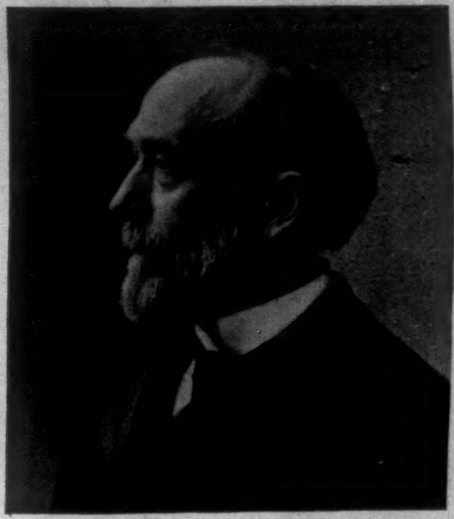
GOVERNOR LEVI P. MORTON.



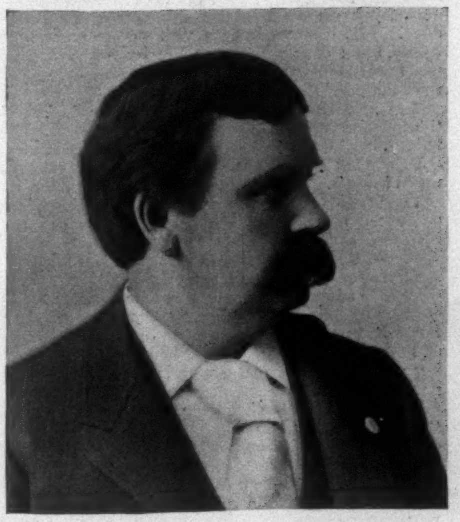
M. A. HANNA.



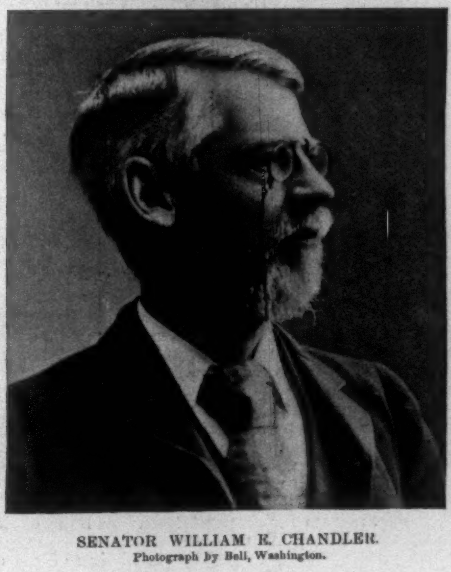
SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE.
Photograph by Bell, Washington.



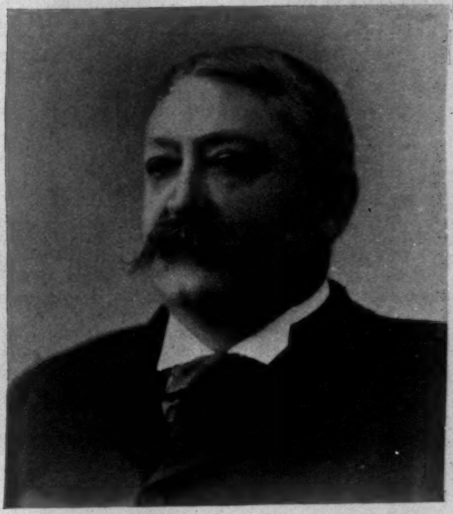
THOMAS C. PLATT.



JAMES T. CLARKSON.



SENATOR WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.
Photograph by Bell, Washington.



JOSEPH H. MANLEY.
Photograph by Notman, Boston.

REPUBLICAN LEADERS AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION, ST. LOUIS.

# THE CORONATION DAYS OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH.

A SENSE of the extreme seriousness of the event ushered in by it cannot fail to have filled the mind and stirred the imagination of every foreigner who beheld the solemn entry or state procession into Moscow. And he who was present at the imposing, the magnificent, and, in view of the youth of the chief actors in it, the moving ceremony of the coronation, must have realized as never before the strength of the monarchical tie in Russia.

Not the state, not the church, not power alone, brought princes, nobles, citizens and peasants, officers, soldiers, priests, and little children to their knees within and without the Kremlin walls, but a marvellous mingling of all, with the capacity for reverence innate in the Russian character. Small wonder is it, therefore, that this *cérémonial du couronnement et du sacre* drew together students of human nature from every land, as well as its own grand-dukes and meanest subjects. It was indeed an entrée solennelle made on Thursday, the 21st of May.

With the nine shots of the cannon and the clanging from the towers of the Church of the Assumption, the troops began to form, and the dignitaries to assemble at the points designated by the Grand Master of Ceremonies Prince Dolgorouky.

Then the Emperor mounted his horse, which was pure white and very beautiful, and the Empress Dowager and the young Empress each entered her carriage, and awaited the signal from the Petrovsky Palace. The great cortége was divided into thirty-six portions, each so widely separated from the other, and, in the case of the royalties, so cunningly enclosed by solid walls of soldiers, that few of the spectators remembered that they were guards.

The first three detachments embraced the Chief of Police, twelve mounted gendarmes, the special escort of the Emperor, and a squad of Cosaques de la Garde. The next three were made up of deputations of Asiatics and representatives of the nobles, while seven, eight, and nine comprised furnishers of the chamber, valets, negroes, musicians of the imperial orchestra, chasseurs, etc. After these the various grades of grand-masters and masters of ceremonies carrying the insignia committed to their care. The twenty-first division was a squad of the Chevaliers Gardes, the regiment of the Dowager Empress Marie, with a detachment of the Garde à Cheval, which immediately preceded the Emperor. As he saluted right and left, a little pale and his features somewhat set, it was impossible to suppress a wave of sympathy for the man of twenty-seven upon whose shoulders so awful a burden has been laid. "God help you!" was in many a mind as he passed.

The grand-dukes, uncles and brothers of the Emperor, and the visiting princes with the generals of their suites, followed him, and directly after them came the Dowager Empress and the Grand-Duchess Olga. Then the magnificent carriage of the young Empress, who rode alone.

The intense popularity of the Dowager Empress, whose presence is always the signal for those strange gushes of sound which are the cheer in Russia, and the appealing sweetness of the young Alexandra, made this a thrilling moment in the procession.

The Queen of Greece and the Imperial Grand-Duchess Anastasie Mikhailovna, and others of the grand-duchesses of the realm and of those amongst the guests, composed the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st divisions, while the 32d was a squad of cuirassiers of the Emperor's Guard, the 33d the lancers of the young Empress, and the 34th the ladies-in-waiting and the maids of honor of the court proper and those appointed to the service of the visiting princesses.

A squad of Hussars and Lancers of the Guard completed the cortége. One of the most remarkable features of the day was the double line of soldiers which extended from the Petrovsky Palace to the Kremlin. It was as if the ground sprouted armed men, and they were like full-grown trees either side of the road. The Governor-General greeted the Emperor at the gates of the city, and the Mayor at the Arc de Triomphe. At the shrine of Notre Dame d'Ibérie the Emperor and the two Empresses went into the little chapel and prayed, the whole procession standing still until they returned to their places. Upon the arrival at the Kremlin a Te Deum was sung in the Church of the Assumption, and prayers offered for the continued preservation of the royal pair, and a salute of eighty-five guns was fired. After several short services in the other churches within the Kremlin, their young Majesties finally rested in the palace. All day long the bells in all the churches of Moscow rang, and in the evening everything except the Kremlin was illuminated. It would hardly be possible to exaggerate the splendor of the spectacle presented by the color of the uniforms, the glistening of the helmets and breastplates, the magnificence of the coaches, and the beauty of the horses. The term "Autocrat of all the Russias" no longer seemed bombastic.

This exciting day, the glory of which was heightened by fine weather, was followed by three quiet days, called the Days of Consecration, during which the Emperor and Empress fasted and prayed in retirement. The insignia and standards were in the mean while conveyed from one palace to the other, and the heralds rode out into the streets at stated intervals and announced the approaching coronation. Every day fresh pilgrims arrived, and when the printed forms of the Proclamation were flung into the crowd, they and the street boys, women, and children, tumbled over one another in their eagerness to get one, or even a bit of one. These scraps are believed to ward off evil, and were thrust into the pockets as a talisman.

The evening preceding the ceremony the Emperor and Empress attended a vesper service in the Church of the Saviour, and a Te Deum was sung in all the other churches at four in the afternoon. The day itself began at seven in the morning, when a salute of twenty-one cannon was fired and the bells of the Cathedral of the Assumption clanged loudly.

From the moment they began to peal the world was astir from palace to hovel, and, indeed, long before that ladies-in-waiting, members of the diplomatic corps, and the distinguished visitors were dressed and ready to begin the wonderful experiences of the day. At nine o'clock the Dowager Empress appeared at the head of the grand stairway under the arches of the palace, robed in white silk embroidered with gold, with the cloth-of-gold train bordered with ermine, and the diamond crown upon her head. Across her shoulder was the red ribbon. Her dames and demoiselles d'honneur, her gentlemen, and a detachment of her regiment followed her, and the train was borne by eight pages. A deafening chorus of voices greeted her, for the Dowager Empress is immensely popular. While the canopy was being placed, under which she was to walk from the foot of the Red Stairway to the door of the cathedral or chapel, as it should be called, she stood and bowed to the people, a noble and truly queenly woman. Whatever sadness the day held for her must have been in a measure softened by the transport of enthusiasm shown for her. The canopy was supported by sixteen dignitaries of the third rank, and was covered with yellow and black plumes, with a cluster of white plumes at the top. The ladies who followed were in Russian trains and head-dress, the demoiselles in red and the dames d'honneur in various colors. At the entrance to the chapel the cortége halted, and the cheers were hushed, the silence coming so suddenly as to be almost a shock. This was one of the most solemn moments of the day, the Archbishop and four of the clergy, in their cloth-of gold robes, pronouncing a benediction and holding up the sacred Icon for her to kiss. In the sketch made by a Russian artist for Harper's Weekly the Archbishop is seen in the foreground, with a long white beard, and diamond cross and Icon hung by a blue ribbon.

The throne upon which the Dowager rested until their young Majesties appeared was of silver, and has always belonged to the Czars. At the left the Grand-Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, uncle to the Emperor, took his place, and the Crown-Prince of Denmark was on the right. About ten o'clock the canopy for the Emperor was brought by thirty-two of the oldest generals of the army. It was somewhat larger than that under which the Dowager Empress walked, being designed to cover both him and his young consort. The same wave of voices greeted them as they descended L'Escalier Rouge, and the members of the diplomatic corps joined the Russians in their shouts. The pause was made as before at the door of the church, the Emperor preceding the Empress, and taking his seat on the throne, directly opposite the altar. This general attitude was maintained throughout the service by the three royalties, while the princes faced them.

The gown of the Empress was white with silver threads, and the train of cloth of silver bordered with ermine. The red ribbon was across her shoulder from right to left, and her hair, like that of the Queen Mother, hung in two long curls either side of her face, according to an old Russian custom. The Emperor wore the Préobajensky uniform, the oldest possessed by the army. The glittering, expectant throng being seated, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg presented the open Book to the Emperor, from which he recited his profession of faith in a loud voice, after which the priest answered "Gratia Spiritus Sancti sit semper tecum.—Amen." The Metropolitan then stepped down from the approach to the throne, and the Metropolitan of Kiev assisted him in presenting the cloak to his Majesty, which lay upon cushions, and one of them recited the words, "In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.—Amen." The mantle having been adjusted by the Emperor's attendants, the Grand Dukes Michael and Vladimir, the Metropolitan bestowed the pontifical benediction, placing his hands upon the Emperor's head in the shape of the cross. The crown was then presented, which the Emperor took info his hands, held it for a moment, and then placed it himself upon his head. The sceptre and globe followed, and with the former in his right hand and the latter in his left hand, he seated himself for a moment upon the throne, and then laid these insignia of his power back upon the cushions extended for them.

The Empress next approached and knelt upon a crimson cushion, while the Emperor took off his crown, held it for a moment before her face, touched it to her brow, and replaced it upon his head. Her crown was then put into his hands, and he placed it upon her head. The Imperial mantle and the Order of St. Andrew were arranged by her assistants, after which she took her seat at the side of her royal husband, the Emperor again taking the sceptre and globe into his hands, while the Archdeacon proclaimed them Emperor and Empress, intoning the words, "Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem," and "Domine, salvam fac Imperatricem." The bells clanged, and every subject fell upon his knees.

The time in the various towns and villages from the east to the west of the kingdom had been so arranged that by a telegraphic signal each should be apprised of this moment. All Russia, therefore, within five minutes of the proclamation acknowledged its new ruler. While the bells were ringing the clergy were greeting his Majesty by three profound bows, the Empress and all the royalties present presenting their felicitations.

The Book was again presented, and he read from it the prescribed prayers. The Metropolitan then fell upon his knees, followed by all present, the Emperor alone, of all the great company, remaining standing. A short address by the Metropolitan followed, the choir intoned the Te Deum, all the bells within the Kremlin rang again, and the mass began. The crown was then received upon the cushion by the proper dignitary, and was not resumed until the end of the liturgy. About four hours had now gone by; but the reading of the gospel, the kissing of the Book, the administration of the Holy Communion, and the anointing passed more quickly than one would have fancied possible.

The anointing, that singular relic of the Hebrew service, was not in full view of the assembly. The eyes, nostrils, lips, ears, the heart and hands of his Majesty were touched with the consecrated oil as the Metropolitan recited the words, "Impressio doni Spiritus Sancti," and the cannon fired 101 shots. The brow only of the Empress was anointed, the Metropolitan of Moscow assisting in the second, the Metropolitan of Kiev in the first case. The communion was taken by the Emperor, as it is taken by the clergy, only, in token of the virtue of the sovereignty residing in his person. After leaving the altar the thrones were resumed for a moment. The Archdeacon again recited the words, "Domine, salvum fac Imperatorem," and "Domine, salvam fac Imperatricem," and the choir repeated three times, "Ad multos annos."

The service was concluded by the kissing of the cross by both Emperor and Empress. The various relatives of the royal family then offered their congratulations, and the master of the ceremonies gave the several signals as to the departure from the chapel. The Empress Marie first left the church, passing through the south door, followed by her ladies and gentlemen, while the Emperor and the young Empress, stepping down from the throne, proceeded to the Church of the Archangel Michael, both wearing their crowns and robes, and the Emperor carrying his sceptre and globe. While this was taking place, the diplomatic corps left the church and proceeded to the salle d'or of the palace, there to partake of a banquet, together with the distinguished visitors. From the Church of the Archangel Michael the royal pair proceeded to the Church of the Annunciation. It is to be remembered that all the churches visited are within the Kremlin enclosure and form a part of that historic pile. The tour of the churches being complete, they then proceeded to the throne-room of the palace; from there to the banquet in the Granovitaya Palace, to which they were attended by the other members of the royal family and the royal guests, the cheers of the diplomatic corps and of the distinguished visitors being joined with those of the courtiers, who lined the halls and stairways as they passed. A more beautiful sight can hardly be conceived. The sun streamed down through the open windows and doors from the great terrace overlooking the river, and the echoes of the cheers resounded from one room to another. The uniforms of the gorgeously clad Bokhara deputation, side by side with the odd, ugly garb of the tiny Korean representatives, the exquisite maroon and blue of the Hungarian nobles, flanked by the romantic Highland costumes of members of the British Embassy, and the aggressive red of the Papal envoys, thrown into bolder relief by the black, stern simplicity of the Bishop of Peterborough. Ladies in the scarlet train and gold trimmings of the Russian court side by side with the white-clad wife of one of the British embassy, with the long veil and the silver coronet. The yellow-plumed helmets of the American military staff, headed by Major-General McCook, and the blue and gold of the United States navy, led by Admiral Selfridge, accentuating the black court dress of the Minister to St. Petersburg, the Hon. Clifton Breckinridge. The banquet to the Corps Diplomatique and the distinguished visitors being finished, this portion of the guests took their places along the grand stairway leading into the second salle, beyond that in which it was spread, and waited for the royal banquet to be ended. As their Majesties passed the second time the eye was able to note more in detail the faces of the stranger princes. The Queen of Greece, at all times truly regal, was at her best, happy, no doubt, to be again in the home of her childhood. Her two sons, the Crown-Prince Constantine and Prince George, being noticed further down the line. The Duke of Connaught, as the representative of the Queen, preceded his elder brother, the Duke—now no longer of Edinburgh—while the Prince of Naples, looking shorter than usual, seemed determined to keep his features very stern, as if challenging criticism.

The handsomest woman amongst the royalties was undoubtedly the Grand-Duchess Serge, wife of the Governor-General of Moscow, who bears the singular double relationship of uncle and brother-in-law to the Emperor, his wife being the sister of the Empress. Upon their return to the throne-room their Majesties finally retired, and the guests left the palace. The illumination in the evening, and the felicitations of the visiting princes, the congratulations of the ambassadors and special envoys, the ball in the Granovitaya Palace, the gala spectacle in the Royal Theatre, and the fête populaire, commanded to follow the ceremonial day, were each a characteristic feature pertaining to the Russian rule; the ball was the first, and the state showing, so to speak, consisted simply of the polonaise marched—hardly to be called danced—by the Emperor and Empress and the full court with the visiting princes. Two long lines having been formed by the chamberlains and masters of ceremonies, composed of the dames and demoiselles d'honneur and the guests, the royal party walked up and down the throne-room, in which we were all assembled, the orchestra playing Chopin's Polonaise Militaire. As they passed, the ladies courtesied and the gentlemen bowed. This was repeated at intervals of about twenty minutes, to the number of nine times. The low windows and doors of the magnificent room were wide open, and gave a glimpse of the terrace glistening with innumerable lights, tempting one out of the heat of the salle.

The gown worn by the Empress upon this occasion was pale pink brocade with threads of silver, and strings of diamonds and pearls about her neck. She looked remarkably fresh after the extraordinary fatigues of the two days. But endurance is a part of the training of princesses, and she as well as the Emperor will probably bear the exacting week of festivities yet to come far better than many of their guests.

The manifesto in which the Emperor declares himself the head of the Empire and of the Church is being distributed at the time of this writing. The amnesties for which many eager hearts are longing have not yet been made known.

The special mission appointed by the United States is composed of the Hon. Clifton Breckinridge (the Envoy Extraordinary at St. Petersburg), Major-General McDowell McCook, Rear-Admiral Selfridge, Mr. H. H. Peirce (of the Petersburg Legation), Colonel John McCook, Captain George Wadleigh, Captain George Scriven (of the Legation at Rome), Lieutenant-Commander Rogers, Lieutenant Hunker, Surgeon Bertolette, Ensigns Robert Lee Russell and M. C. Webb, Lieutenant Gurko (of the Uhlans) acting as aide-de-camp to General McCook for the Russian government.

Fewer state flatteries have been apparent in the bestowal of the public guests than are usual upon great occasions. But it has been impossible to repress a smile at the exceeding deference shown the Chinese mission, the members of which are numerous and of high degree. Not a very profound diplomatic insight is needed for the comprehension of the splendors lavished upon the aged minister and his suite, whose precious peacock feathers are everywhere to be seen. MAYNARD BUTLER.

## SONGS FOR ST. LOUIS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

### A PARALLEL.

THE game of politics and the game of golf,
At which some persons choose to sneer and scoff,
Are much like pease that lie within the pod,
A fact right odd.
Somewhat depends on how you tee:
Take Reed, for instance, and you'll see.
He made a bully drive at first,
But later on was curst
By getting in a rut,
From which 'tis pretty hard for him to cut;
He'll need a dozen strokes to get him out
Beyond a doubt;
Bunkered in Congress now he lies
Some distance from the longed-for prize.
Then Allison, it needs no eye at all
To see that he has rather "lost the ball,"
And if he finds it, bless his Western heart,
'Twill be because his caddy's pretty smart.
The brassy play
Of Quay
Has shown a lot of nerve, but cannot last;
And, further, Mr. Q. is much outclassed.
He's not been—wise,
And other players have much better "lies."
McKinley drives off well, but lands too oft
Beside the wall—'tis difficult to loft
When snuggled 'neath a wall,
Which half the players do not like at all,
And which if he gets over on his way
'Twill be with some great "iron" play.
And poor old Morton—genial soul—
Platt's rather "put" him in a "hole"
In one sky-scraping stroke, up through the air,
That, though within the rules, seems hardly fair.
And so it goes; the parallel between
These noble games becomes more plainly seen,
Particularly to a man who thinks
Of how Ben Harrison, the Hoosier, knows the "links,"
And keeps *his* eye, howe'er the rest may roam,
On "home."

### A BALLAD TO WILLIAM THE SILENT.

How shall I sing the praises of my favorite candidate,
The man who hails, and never quails, from old Ohio State?
How best describe this man of might, McKinley, tried and true,
The lover of the masses and the friend of me and you?

I do not claim that he is great as Julius Cæsar was;
I do not claim that he is right in everything he does;
But no man in this great broad land we ever shall discern
Will dare deny that William is most truly taciturn.

Weak is he in the hands of men with vile and scheming ways?
Great men have been almost as weak who lived in other days;
But no man in all history, no Kings or Presidents,
Have ever equalled William in the art of reticence.

You say his money record is a trifle wabble-y?
No man hath lived without some fault, nay, that is history!
But from the time of Adam to Tom Platt the Great Loquacious
No man hath so preserved himself from all weaknesses linguacious.

He does not bid for office on vocality, not he!
He's not a man expatiate, knows not garrulity;
Largiloquence despiseth, for to him talk is a shock.
He does not rant because he can't, he is no jabberwock!

Then here's to him, McKinley great, the silent candidate,
Who'll give four years of quiet to our speech-o'erridden state.
Come, all ye people, East and West, North, South, ye voters, come,
And vote for Bill McKinley with his gallant watchword "Mum."

Drop gold and silver issues; drop all foreign questions too;
Think not of any principles save that one tried and true
For which McKinley standeth, spite of heresy and schism.
Down, down with all things gabulous, and up with Unfluism!

## CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE, U.S.A.

DIED JUNE 8, 1896.

BORN in Philadelphia, John Gregory Bourke, when a lad, enlisted and served in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry as a private soldier, and won two medals for gallantry in action in two successive days. In 1865 he entered West Point, graduating June, 1869. Appointed Second Lieutenant of the Third Cavalry, his first duty was at Fort Craig, in New Mexico. From that date, almost without cessation, Captain Bourke took part in the wars with the Indians. In 1872 he was aide-de-camp to General Crook. He took an active part in the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions. If there ever was a fight Captain Bourke was sure to be in the brunt of it, and among his many experiences were the capture of Crazy Horse village, the battles of Tongue River, Rosebud, Slim Buttes, and Willow Creek. In 1878 and 1879 he was with General Merritt, engaged in rescuing the survivors of Thornburg's command. The most trying of all his actions was in 1885, when, under General Crook, Geronimo and his band surrendered in the Cañon de los Embudos.

It may have been that the incidents of the Garza revolution brought Captain Bourke more conspicuously before the public. It was his duty to keep the peace in that debatable land which lies between Texas and the Mexican border. Thoroughly conversant with international law and the rights of Americans and Mexicans, Captain Bourke brought to a fortunate conclusion what was indeed a very ticklish matter.

There is another side of this man not so generally known. This dashing cavalryman was one of the most distinguished of American archæologists. There were no topics having to do with the manners and customs of the Indians with whom he had been thrown that he had not examined. Extending his studies in this direction, he widened his field of research by comparing the ways of our Indians with those of aboriginal races in other parts of the world. He was a careful annotator. Ophiolotry, or snake worship, owes an important page to Captain Bourke. Before 1883, when he took the manuscript of his book, *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis* to London, it was difficult to make European archæologists believe that the rites of snake worship "existed in the heart of Christian America." In a letter of January 26 of this year Captain Bourke wrote to the maker of this brief sketch, "I was the first white man who ever saw it and described it." *On the Border with Crook*, one of the most straightforward of military works, is singular for almost the entire omission of the distinguished part he took in the arduous task. Almost his last work was on "Arabic survivals in the language and folk usages of the Rio Grande Valley." He was president of the American Folk-lore Society.

For some years Captain Bourke was stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. Last winter he was hurt by the kick of a horse; aneurism set in, and he died in Philadelphia on the 8th of June, aged fifty-one years.

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## THE ZIONITE MOVEMENT.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. SCHODDE, PH.D.

AMONG the new and noteworthy religious movements of the day the agitation in favor of a return of the Jews to the land of their fathers, on account of its extraordinary proportions and its international character, can claim rather exceptional prominence. There has always been, both among Jews and Christians, a sentimental or religious interest in the re-establishment of the children of Israel as a nation or an ecclesiastical communion in their historic home; but only in our day and date has the movement assumed a tangible form, and has a beginning been made toward the realization of this idea. The Zionites, by which name the propagandists of this crusade are known, have become a power; and the existence of fully three dozen Jewish colonies in Palestine, with more than four thousand colonists, as also the active support of such Jewish influence as the banking-house of the Rothschilds and of the international *Alliance Israëlite*, are evidence enough that we are dealing here with a phenomenon deeply rooted in the religious thought of the times.

Not the Jews as a people, nor even the great bulk of the Jews, least of all the Reformed Jews of central and western Asia, who by their compromise with modern civilization and thought have cast aside so many of the historic ideas and ideals of the chosen people, are the leaders in this semi-national, semi-religious scheme. But rather powerful sections among the orthodox Jews, chiefly of the East, as also a large proportion of the friends of the Christian-Jewish mission cause, are the exponents of the enterprise. Nor has the movement originated in one central thought or place, nor has it the solidity secured by a unity of plan and method. It is rather a combination and collection of movements, arising spontaneously and independently of each other in half a dozen countries, and developing under diverse local and side aims and purposes, having an agreement only in the one object, that of effecting a return of the people of Israel to Palestine, not by force of arms, but by the methods of colonization, education, and religious propaganda. Dr. Gustav Dalman, of Leipzig, the leading specialist in this line, in the *Nathanael*, of Berlin, describes the movement in these words:

"In England it is an expression of national idea worship developed under aristocratic influences; in Russia and Roumania it is a project aiming at the national and economic prosperity of Israel; in Germany it is an expression of a Jewish-Christian ideal, and in part a national democratic opposition developed under conservative orthodox influences; in western Austria it is a pure bourgeois democracy; in Galicia it is a political nationalism with socialistic trend and tendency. In all places and everywhere, however, its basal purpose is to satisfy the longings of the people for rest by securing for them their own homes."

The first beginnings of the Zionite movement date back to the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Roumania some twelve years ago. This aroused among the Eastern Israelites a phenomenal enthusiasm for a return to the Holy Land. Societies were organized, moneys were secured, and at once colonies were sent out. One of the results of this zeal without wisdom was the fate of a band of students from the University of Cherson, who went to Palestine determined to live as plain farmers, but who paid the penalty of their rashness by untold sufferings. As early as 1884 the Russian Zionites held a National Congress at Kattowitz, where was founded the "Montefiore Association," later reorganized, with the sanction of the government, as a "Palestine Agricultural Association." The central seat is at Odessa, and a representative committee sits at Jaffa, where also the organ of the society is published.

The plans of the associates have been carefully matured. Among their ideas is also the establishment of the Hebrew as the language of the Israelites. The Jaffa school for boys and girls is almost a Hebrew college; money for a Hebrew university in Palestine is reported to be forthcoming. The beginnings of a National Hebrew Library at Jaffa have been made largely through donations from prominent Jewish scholars. A regular Hebrew literature is being developed. Not only are the standard works of Humboldt, Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, and others being translated, but also original Hebrew works, especially in poetry, belles-lettres, fiction, are attracting the attention of the literary world. Among Jewish lyrical writers Jehuda Gordon and Mapu deserve special mention. Jewish political papers, such as *Hammagid* (The Reporter), begun in 1856, *Hammeliz* (The Interpreter), begun in 1861, both weeklies, as also the scientific journal *Hashachar* (The Morning Dawn), first issued in 1868, have already an international reputation. By utilizing these means and mediums the Zionites are doing thorough work to educate their people and enthuse them for their projects.

A singular co-operative agent they have found in the Jewish-Christian movement, headed by Rabinowitz, a learned lawyer at Kishenev, southern Russia, who is known to Americans on account of the prominent part he took in the Chicago Religions Congress. He aims at the establishment of a Jewish-Christian Church, recognizing Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah of the world, and the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy and prediction, but with a retention of national characteristics of the Jews considered consistent with the acceptance of Jesus, such as circumcision, the observance of the seventh day, and the like, and aiming further at the establishment of this communion in Palestine, with the Hebrew as the language of the people. A similar project developed only last year at Smyrna, but independently of the Rabinowitz movement, has already resulted in the establishment of a Jewish-Christian colony and congregation in the Holy Land.

In England the organ of the Zionites is *Palestine*, and among their leaders is Colonel Albert Goldsmid, who at one time was at the head of Baron Hirsch's Argentine colonization scheme, but who returned to England in order to advance the interests of the Zionite agitation. The German Zionites are organized into a society, with headquarters in Berlin, called "Ezra." In Austria there are two distinct factions, one in western Austria, another in Galicia, but both originating among the Jewish students, and both uniting home political purposes with the Palestine project. The Roumanian Zionites are also well organized, and control two papers. In fact, everywhere the power of the press has been invoked in favor of this new crusade. Fully a score of prominent periodicals could be mentioned which champion the cause in some shape or form. Whether all these movements can yet be united into one grand crusade, with one purpose, and with agreement as to method and manner, only a prophet or a prophet's son could foretell.

## THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

IN the last number of the WEEKLY a statement was made to the effect that, until the rainy season was more advanced, no concerted attack would be made on the principal defensive works of the Spanish army in Cuba—such being the opinion which prevailed in Maceo's camp. Meanwhile a skirmish now and then within sight of the Trocha has made that line a familiar object to the men in whose eyes the Spaniards trusted it would become redoubtable; and this familiarity appears to breed a fine contempt. The attack on Fort St. Elias, represented on page 608, had no other result. One of the loyal papers, commenting upon the affair, says that a band of insurgents, who did not enjoy the "caresses" inflicted upon them at Tinajas, passed so near to the *fuerte San Elías* that they yielded to the temptation to fire several volleys, and were treated, in response, to a "magnificent cannonade." The paragraph concludes: "The number of the slain cannot be exactly stated, as no examination has been made." The grain of fact, so hard to winnow from the chaff of partisan reports, seems to be that this was not a serious attempt to capture the place; but Valdes says it promoted some unspecified "military combination," and that it was a buffet to "the Quixotes of the Trocha."

The scene of the second drawing on the same page is one of the farms (now invaluable sources of supply for the insurgents) that are scattered through the mountainous country south of Bahía-Honda. On the sketch which he has transmitted, Valdes has written in pencil an enthusiastic note, dated May 2, in regard to the engagement depicted—one of the staple engagements that have loot and booty for their object.

"General Maceo," it runs, "learning that a quantity of ammunition under a strong escort was to be moved from Bahía-Honda, arranged an ambuscade on the cattle farm Quiñones. Half an hour we were in hiding; then we saw the convoy approach. The soldiers came on without precautions, recklessly chatting. When they felt the first volley, which was fired at the distance of about thirty yards, great confusion arose; and after a fight that lasted about one hour we captured the entire convoy, including seven ox-carts with 130,000 Mauser cartridges, a large quantity of provisions, and a medicine-chest. The last-named was of the first importance to us, because our stock of quinine was giving out. The Spaniards were commanded by General Serrano Altamira, who, when he saw that the attack was in sober earnest, incontinently fled (*huyó á escape*). We killed sixty-five, by actual count."

MARRION WILCOX.

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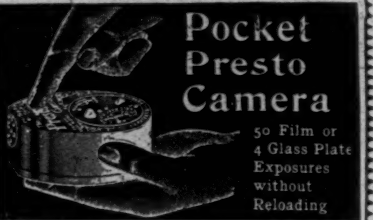

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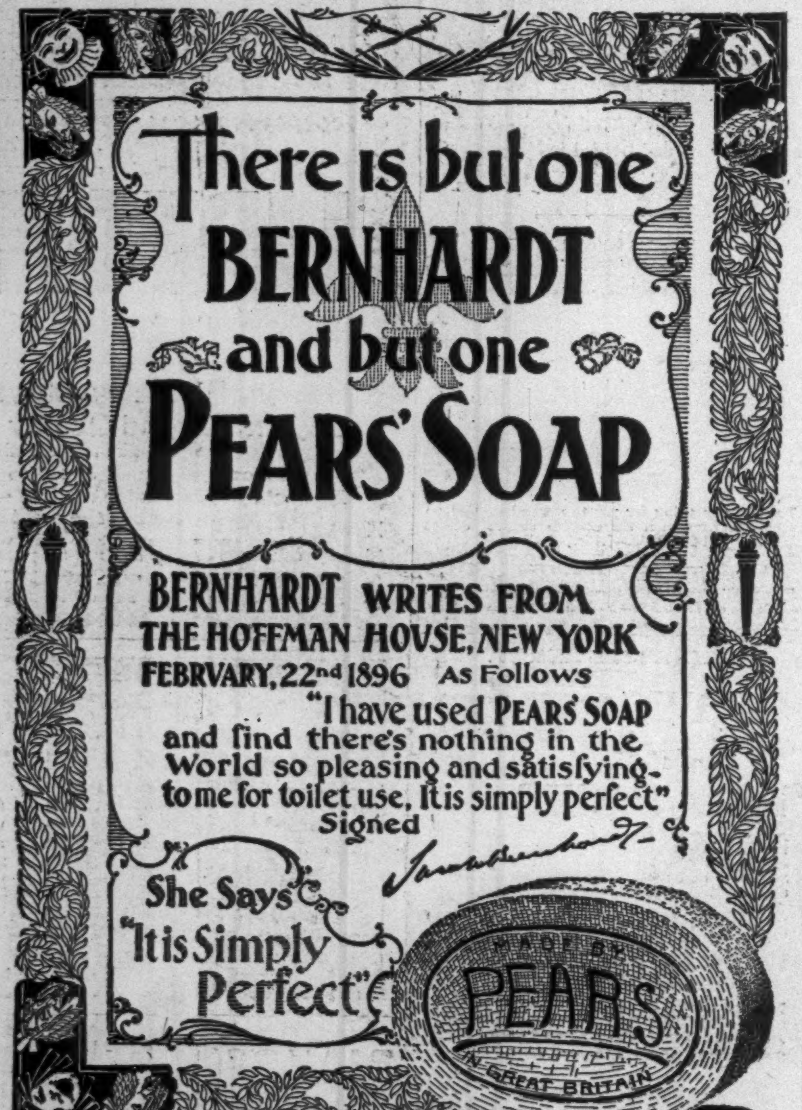

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# AMATEVR · SPORT

## THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

We have been rather long in search of a new star in our golfing firmament, and at length we have found one of greater brilliancy than we had bargained for. Mr. F. G. Tait has more than fulfilled all our expectations. Of course we all knew Mr. Tait as a player of very dangerous power, but hitherto the crucial stage has been the one at which he has made a point of failing. In the amateur championship of 1896 to 1897 he has most successfully overcome this weakness. The result is that he is champion for the year; that in course of arriving at this, his first championship, he has overthrown a redoubtable set of champions, such as no other winner of the honor has perhaps met, and has played throughout the tournament probably the best golf that these tournaments have yet furnished. To seek a parallel for his game we must go back to the best days of Mr. John Ball, before his game had lost its dash and fire, when, in fact, "terrific" was the kind of epithet to express it. Mr. Tait's game has not quite this terrific quality. It is not, commonly, so sensational, but, on the other hand, it is probably safer, and quite as strong as Mr. Ball's ever was.

TAIT PUTTING.

TAIT AND BALL AT THE "MAIDEN."

The draw for the championship was unfortunate. The good men were huddled together in a heap at the head of the list. Mr. Tait had to beat Mr. Charles Hutchings, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. John Ball, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and, finally, Mr. Hilton. This was a terribly stiff contract, but Mr. Tait carried it off lightly enough. Mr. Hutchinson, before his encounter with Mr. Tait in the semi-final, had succeeded in knocking out Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, the champion of last year. With Mr. Hilton in the semi-final was a young player, Mr. John Graham, of Hoylake, of whom we are quite certain to hear a great deal more in the years that are to come. Mr. Hilton beat him; but to be beaten by Mr. Hilton may happen to any man—even to one very much more experienced than Mr. Graham. It did not happen, however, to Mr. Tait. This year, for the first time, the final tie of the amateur championship was decided on thirty-six holes; hitherto eighteen holes have decided it. Mr. Tait went off with the lead, which was unfortunate for Mr. Hilton, whose only chance virtually lay in "pinching" Mr. Tait—getting him a hole or two down, and a little uncomfortable, early in the match. If he got away with the lead, it was almost certain that he would go on sailing, with his superior strength, farther and farther in advance. It was just this that happened. Of the first three holes Mr. Tait chanced to win two, and thenceforward there was no holding him. His score for the round was 76, which ties the record; and but for a missed putt or two at the finish he would have bettered it.

HILTON PUTTING.

Mr. Hilton played pluckily, but with relatively deficient power. He fell further and further astern; and after being six holes down on the first eighteen, lost the match at the eleventh hole of the second round by eight up and seven to play. It was a glorious and brilliant victory, and Scotland has found a worthy champion of her national game.

The weather was not too kind; fearfully ill-tempered on the Wednesday, moderating towards the end of the week. But the course, in spite of the recent drought, was never better; its putting-greens were true, its lies through the green quite excellent, and the glory of its great bold bunkers and sand hills undiminished.

Horace Hutchinson.

HUTCHINSON AND BALFOUR MELVILLE AT THE FIRST TEE.

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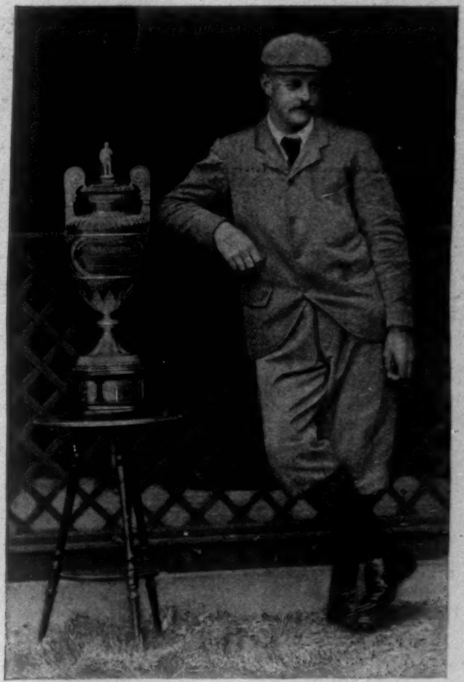
F. G. TAIT, ENGLISH GOLF CHAMPION.

WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS, CHICAGO, JUNE 6, '96.

| Event. | Wisconsin. | Grinnell. | Chicago | Lake Forest. | Minnesota. | Northwestern. | Illinois. | Performance. | Record. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | 5 | 2 | | | | 1 | | 10 sec. | 10 sec. |
| 220 yards | 5 | 2 | | | | 1 | | 22 2-5 " | 22 " |
| 440 yards | 2 | 5 | | 1 | | | | 50 4-5 " | 50 3-5 " |
| 880 yards | | 2 | 1 | 5 | | | | 2 m. 5 2-5 " | 1 m. 59 4-5 " |
| Mile run | | 3 | | 5 | | | | 4 " 33 " | 4 " 33 " |
| Mile walk | 1 | | 2 | | 5 | | | 7 " 31 1-5 " | 7 " 31 1-5 " |
| 120-yard h'rdl's. | 6 | | | 2 | | | | 16 2-5 " | 16 2-5 " |
| 220-yard h'rdl's. | 6 | 2 | | | | | | 27 3-5 " | 26 2-5 " |
| Broad jump | 1 | | 5 | | | 2 | | 20 ft. 9 in. | 22 ft. 7 1-2 in. |
| High jump | 8 | | | | | | | 5 " 7 " | 5 " 9 " |
| Pole vault | | | 2 | | | 5 | 1 | 10 " 6 " | 11 " " |
| Hammer | 5 | | | 1 | | | 2 | 113 " 3 " | 123 " 9 1-2 " |
| Shot | 5 | | 1 | | 2 | | | 38 " 9 1-2 " | 44 " " |
| Bicycle | | 1 | 2 | | 5 | | | 2 m. 25 sec. | 2 m. 25 sec. |
| Total | 44 | 17 | 13 | 14 | 12 | 9 | 3 | | |

To THE STUDENT OF ATHLETICS quite the most interesting feature of the Western Inter-collegiate championships was the considerable average of good work in the runs, both as regards form and performances. And this showing grows the more notable viewed by the light of three-year-old standards. In that length of time, in fact, athletic work has developed beyond all recognition of its former self. Not so much in actual performance, perhaps—though even two years have advanced the records materially—but particularly in the manner of performing. The development of material in the middle distances has kept pace with improved form, as the games June 6 demonstrated. And the quarter-mile particularized generalities. A more interesting 440 has not been run this year. To within 100 yards from home the men ran bunched, when Rush forged to the front, pluckily followed by Downer. Rush's time of .50¼ on a track certainly not fast is worth bearing in mind. He won somewhat easily by five yards, and, pushed, could have bettered his performance. I should rather fancy him a dangerous rival to the present American champion, Burke, for, fit, and with no other races to take a bit out of him, he would make the champion beat his record to escape defeat. Besides winning the quarter, Rush ran second to Maybury in both sprints.

WISCONSIN WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP so easily as to indisputably establish her position in Western track athletics. She is the leading college in athletics in the middle West, not only by reason of the number of first winners, but because of the larger team entered. Maybury, too, proved that his claims to sprinting honors were well founded, and his 10-second time accurate. Twice he covered the 100 yards in even time, with no wind to help him, and on a rather poor track. He runs easily and finishes strongly, and, next to Wefers, is the fastest man in the country to-day.

Beyond the sprints and runs the improvement in form is not so pronounced. John Richards was the only man to clear the hurdles in faultless style, and he had a very easy win of it in both high and low. The general form in the jumps was probably the poorest of the meeting, and the entries fewer than they should have been. The weights likewise illustrated the need for recruits and a more careful technical study of the game.

Speaking generally, however, the meeting showed another advance in Western athletic progress. It will be well in future if the athletic committees of the several universities give more attention to the costumes of their teams. Nothing so mars the general scene as slovenly and insufficiently clad athletes. The gymnasium is the place for tights, not the athletic field. Nor should the inter-collegiate games' committee permit shirts advertising bicycle manufacturers.

THE QUADRANGULAR 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE, which will be rowed on the 26th, at Poughkeepsie, between eight-oared crews representing Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and University of Pennsylvania, should prove decidedly interesting and instructive. No finer four-mile course can probably be found than the Hudson River affords at this location. The channel for the greater part follows the western shore, and the great river flows with remarkable evenness and without eddies or cross-currents. And the channel is deep and broad. The high and steep western bank not only keeps off westerly winds, but in the afternoon also keeps off the sun—an important item to training crews. The prevailing winds are naturally up and down stream, but, as a rule, this year, there has been scarcely any wind in the evening after four o'clock. Last Saturday afternoon the majestic river was as smooth as a mill-pond, despite a fairly fast tide.

Krum Elbow, at the upper end of the course, is a steep shoulder of land thrusting itself abruptly into the river, and thus serving somewhat to turn the ruder currents to the eastward, ensuring a quiet broad flow of water over most of the following four miles of the course which is on the western shore.

The races are to be started from skiffs, as at New London, moored almost in the middle of the river opposite the starting-point, and from here to the finish, a mile below the great bridge,—passing under the second arch from the western bank,—the course runs perfectly straight. No eel-grass to trouble the crews here; no preference of position—one position, except under unusual conditions of wind and tide, being as fair as another. The natural surroundings, indeed, are as entrancing as the course is fine, and if the latter can be kept clear by the revenue-cutters, which are to be detailed for the purpose, it should become the favorite course of university oarsmen. The recent act of Congress already provides for keeping clear courses at regattas, and now if the Poughkeepsie towns-people will follow the example of Samuel D. Coykendall and assist the government officials in restraining ambitious tug and steamboat captains, there will be no reason why the races should not be rowed under the fairest possible conditions. Mr. Coykendall's sportsmanship and generosity deserve recording. As president of the Cornell Steamboat Company, he has promised to stop the traffic of his company at Poughkeepsie between the hours of four and six on the afternoon of the race.

AS NO TWO CREWS ON THE RIVER use the same "stroke," it will probably be more interesting to point out the most marked peculiarities of the different systems, without detailing the characteristics or attempting elaborate definitions, in which few beyond the boating authorities of the respective universities are concerned.

There is one matter, however, on which I wish to dwell particularly, and in which all sportsmen, irrespective of university affiliations, are concerned, and that is the gratifying feature, common to Harvard and Columbia (Cornell was not on the Hudson at the time of my visit) this year, of the manly, courteous, sportsmanlike way in which information is given about the men and opportunity invited to inspect the crews. There is no running away from genuine critics, and the men realize that the college men and sportsmen generally to whom this Department speaks have a justifiable interest in learning, from an oarsman's point of view, all that can be legitimately learned about the crews.

MR. G. S. MUMFORD, '87, is the coach of the Harvard University and Freshman crews this year. The "stroke" of 1895 has disappeared. In its place is being taught one said to be similar to that in vogue at Cambridge before began the monotonous annual procession led by Yale. The general impression given by the '96 stroke is that Mr. Mumford believes in a long powerful drive with the legs, considerable arm-work, and abundant life and dash.

As compared with Mr. Watson's style of 1895, the swing forward has been shortened, the length of slide increased to 19 and 20 inches, the stroke in the water lengthened, and the leg drive greatly increased. The catch is not so hard, and the—to my mind—doubtful experiment is being tried of catching fairly hard and increasing the power toward the end, rowing the finish out hard. The boat does not run away from the men, and the blades churn up the water in a most encouraging manner. The watermanship is not clean. There is far too much splashing, and bow has a nasty fashion of throwing water on to three's oar. Stroke slices in unevenly, hitting the water before entering, and four also lacks the clean, sharp blade-work that must be acquired before a man can be called a finished oarsman.

BUT THE BLADES ENTER and leave the water together. The oars seem, however, to be carried too low on the feather, causing them to skip along swells, and to strike the water to the detriment of smooth running between strokes.

One feature, perhaps the most marked, is the very quick recover with the shoulders as the bodies begin to move forward, which gives a little jerky look to the crew. Sustained throughout four miles it will add dash and life, but it strikes the observant oarsmen as entailing unnecessary effort on the men's part, and wasting the strength they need after the blades go into the water. A slower and more even recover, such as one naturally makes after the muscular effort of driving the oar through the water, seems to me the natural thing. It gives the men time to collect themselves for the next supreme effort, and, if properly taught and carried out, allows the boat to run just as smoothly and without stoppage. Yale may learn something new on this score at Henley.

A new cedar shell was used by the crew for the first time on Saturday last. It carried them well, and is a beautiful specimen of the boat-builder's art. A fin-keel at the stern is the novel feature, and certainly the crew kept the boat on a fairly even keel.

THE CREW DID TWO OR THREE SHARP BITS of rowing on this day and in this boat at a 32 to 34 stroke. There was no doubt of the pace the boat travelled. It was somewhat of a revelation. There was a life in the boat and a dash in the men that we have not been accustomed to see in Harvard crews of late years. Going against a fairly strong tide, in smooth water, bow's oar cleared seven's paddle by from two to three feet. Going with the tide and against the breeze, this clearage was increased considerably. The stroke in the water was a long one, and rowed through hard, and there was but little stoppage between strokes.

The chief faults were a tendency to hang at the beginning or catch—perhaps caused by the effort to emphasize the sharp early recover—unpardonable splashing, and too much play with the shoulders. Bow did not swing with the rest, but, except in his case, the swing is very uniform and, what there is of it, pronounced. The time throughout the boat is more than fair.

As the crews (Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania) rowed on Saturday last, Harvard was distinctly the best and fastest, although lacking in finished watermanship. The men are all well, and a strong-appearing lot, except stroke, who looked a bit fine, and 2, who has, I believe, been quite ill. But both these men rowed hard and strongly.

CAPTAIN BULLARD, FENNESSY, AND TOWNSEND are the only men who have rowed on previous 'varsity crews, the first in '94 and '95, Fennessy in '93, '94, and '95, and Townsend in '94. Derby rowed in his class crew for four years, including '96. Townsend and Sprague respectively captained the '96 and '97 Freshman crews. Hollister rowed in the '97 and Goodrich in the '98 Freshman crews. Perkins is a new man, a brother of Nelson Perkins, the hero of 1891. The substitutes are Moulton, Ames, Adams, and Bull.

Mr. Bullard is an excellent captain in or out of the boat. He sets a lively stroke for the bow side, and follows Goodrich perfectly. While on shore he keeps his men in the best of spirits, and inspires them with dash and ambition. The crew has been rowing in the above order since about the 3d of May, when Fennessy returned to the boat. Fennessy is rowing fairly well, as is to be expected of such a sterling oarsman, but has not yet mastered Coach Mumford's ideas.

COLUMBIA'S 'VARSITY HAS LOST the coaching services of Mr. Walter B. Peet, but gained those of Mr Guy Richards, one of the best oars Columbia ever graduated. Up to June 13 the brunt of the coaching had been borne by Mr. A. W. Putnam, '97, but Mr. Peet coached from time to time during May, before the crew went to Poughkeepsie; and Saturday last Mr. Richards took hold of the crew. There has been no material change of stroke this year, and the men are the same and row in the same positions as in 1895, except that Longacre has moved from 3 to 7, Fish's place, and Campbell, the only new-comer, has been put in at 3. Their captain, Prentice, is also the same, and several of the crew rowed together in their Freshman boat. One would therefore naturally expect the men to be well together and to have finish. But, as a matter of fact, there are two bad breaks in the boat, one at 5 and 6, the other at 2 and 3. Six, Carter, the big man of the crew, hurries his swing and slide forward, while 5 is slow. Campbell, the new-comer, at 3, is apt to be late, while Prentice, at 2, is inclined to get in before stroke. These two breaks mar the appearance of the boat while under way, and prevent that uniformity which is so essential to a good crew. All the men, with the possible exception of stroke and 7, are inclined to shorten their stroke.

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION GIVEN BY THE CREW is lack of watermanship, poor time, and irregular swing. The stroke in the water is much shorter than Harvard's. The leg drive is very fair, but there is too much "snapping down" with the legs. The leg power is not applied and maintained throughout the stroke. The arms are kept straight, and the men sit up well, with the exception of 2 and 3, who are inclined to slump at the finish. The blade-work is inclined to be ragged, and there is a marked tendency on the part of nearly all the men to feather under water. The blades are carried back on the feather higher and better than Harvard's. There is a good deal of life and dash about the crew, due in large measure to the very lively and untiring pace set by the stroke, Pierrepont. Between strokes the boat travels fairly well, with but little stoppage, but the "spacing" is not what it should be.

As compared with Harvard, Columbia's boat seemed to drag. During a hard piece in the morning the crew travelled fairly fast, though their work did not leave an impression of might. Yet the men are a muscular-looking lot, but their power is not applied with the uniformity and precision that tells. If their watermanship improves, and the boat can be kept on an even keel, they will require a good deal of beating. One quality they have beyond a doubt—pluck.

Carter is dangerously near, if not upon, the "too heavy" line. But for such a big man he handles himself remarkably well. He is, as I have said, too quick rather than too slow. All the men appeared to be in excellent physical condition.

THE OLD-TIME PROFESSIONAL arm-stroke fittingly characterizes that exploited by the Pennsylvania crews this year, and all the professional claptrap of secrecy and disinclination to be viewed obtains at the Pennsylvania quarters. The statistics courteously given by Harvard and Columbia are withheld by Pennsylvania, whose crews seem to shrink from the honest criticism of those who know, while courting the applause of *οἱ πολλοί*. It was unfortunate for Pennsylvania rowing that Mr. Woodruff's retirement and their inability to fill his place with a coach of the same school practically compelled the return to a system that has never commended itself to those who know anything about eight-oared rowing. Had the university's future position in college boating been duly considered, the lines laid down last year would have been pursued, even though the brunt of the coaching fell upon the captain.

The features that impressed one most strongly after watching the Pennsylvania 'varsity last week were its extraordinary lack of time, swing, and watermanship, and its prodigious amount of arm-work. The water is caught rather gently, but then follows a lug with the arms, somewhat after the traditional pump-handle fashion. No two blades entered or left the water together, while of body-work there was absolutely none. The bodies go fairly far forward and pretty well back, but their motion can in no sense be called a swing, and adds no strength whatever to the stroke. The leg-work is entirely subordinated to that of the arms. The stroke is a typical professional waterman's-lug without any real watermanship, and seems totally unsuited to four-mile rowing.

ELLIS WARD HAS HIS OWN IDEAS about rowing (possibly good ones at one time and for limited distances), and is very jealous of criticism, but neither he nor Pennsylvania must expect serious consideration until they have modernized a school that, however well it may do in Harlem River regattas, long ago ceased to be an imposing factor in college boating.

It seems as though only an inscrutable dispensation of Providence can give the Pennsylvania crew a position anywhere near first in the race of the 26th. It knows nothing about true oarsmanship, and the power of the men is absolutely wasted in a worse than useless effort to pull the boat along with the arms alone. The combination of powerful leg and body work is conspicuous by its absence, and the "stroke" generally is very faulty in the eyes of those who know what good rowing is.

As near as can be learned, the crew will average in weight from 165 to 170 lbs.

THE CORNELL CREWS HAD NOT ARRIVED on the Hudson last week, and I have not had an opportunity of seeing them at work. Cornell always has a good crew, however, and from all accounts this year's 'varsity is one of the best it has ever turned out. It is mainly composed of men from both last year's 'varsity crews, and stroked by the stroke of '95's Freshman crew. It has rowed 1 mile and 550 yards (the Henley distance) in 6.48, and is very fast up to two miles; whether it can stay fast for four miles remains to be seen. Here again we have a school of rowing fashioned after the professional system, and yet so superior to that exploited by Ward as to make no comparison possible. There is no more skilled coach than Courtney, however we may disagree with his school, and he has been clever enough to adapt his stroke as much as it will permit to the needs of four-mile rowing. The Cornell Freshman crew is said also to be very fast.

OF THE FRESHMAN CREWS that are to race on the 24th, Harvard's is distinctly better than Columbia's or Pennsylvania's. Mr. Mumford coaches it as well as the 'varsity, and for the first time, I believe, a Harvard Freshman crew is having as careful coaching and attention as the university crew itself. It has dash and life in a marked degree, and its boat contains several oarsmen of much promise. In fact, dash is a characteristic of the Mumford stroke. My main criticism of its stroke is that I fear the terrifically fast recover with the shoulders and the amount of arm-work required will punish the men fearfully in a hard-fought race.

THE WISCONSIN 'VARSITY will row the Yale Freshmen on Lake Saltonstall, New Haven, next Thursday, and has the opportunity of a college lifetime, for the Yale crew is one of the poorest that university has had in many a day. As Wisconsin has no college superior on Western waters, we shall be able to make a very accurate estimate of Western rowing.

*Baseball and yachting comment deferred until next week.*

*The Harvard crew that rowed Oxford in 1869 was a four, and not an eight, as incorrectly stated last week.*

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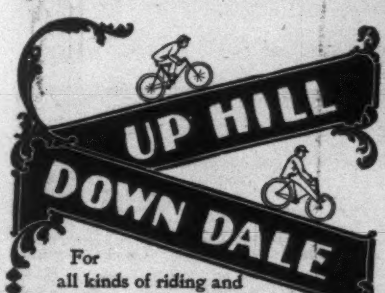

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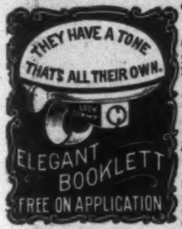

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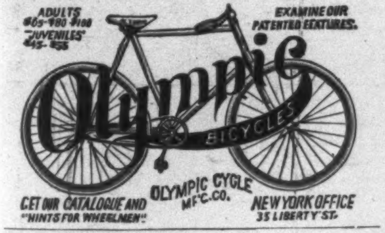
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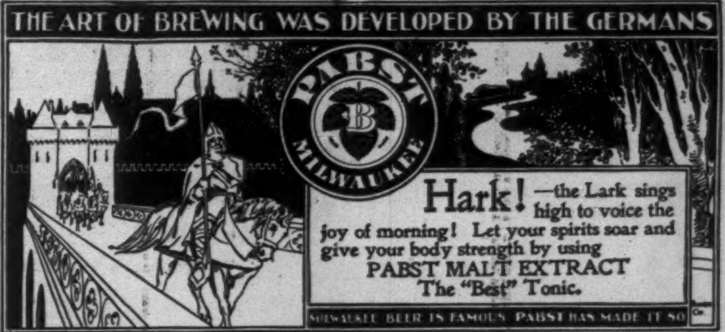
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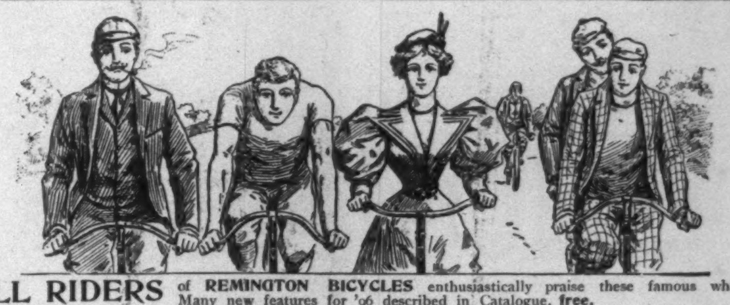

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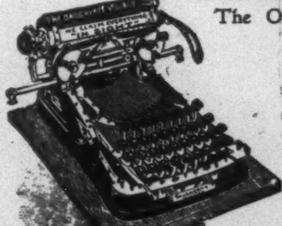

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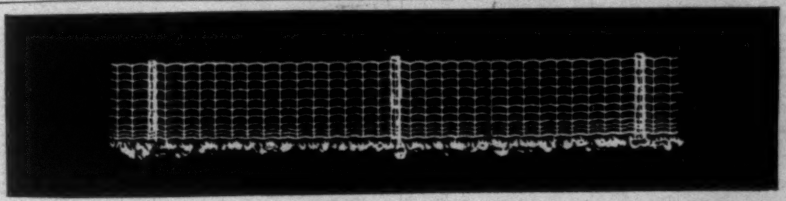

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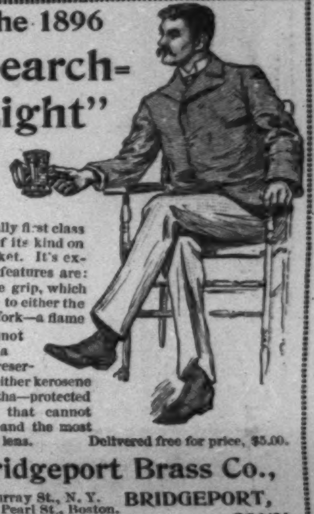

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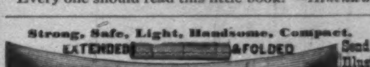

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